

The OLIVER



May 1917
7^d net

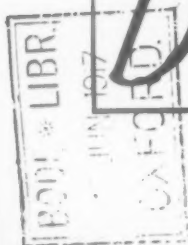
Can Man
Abolish War?
by
HAROLD BEGBIE

Stanley L. Wood

Her charm



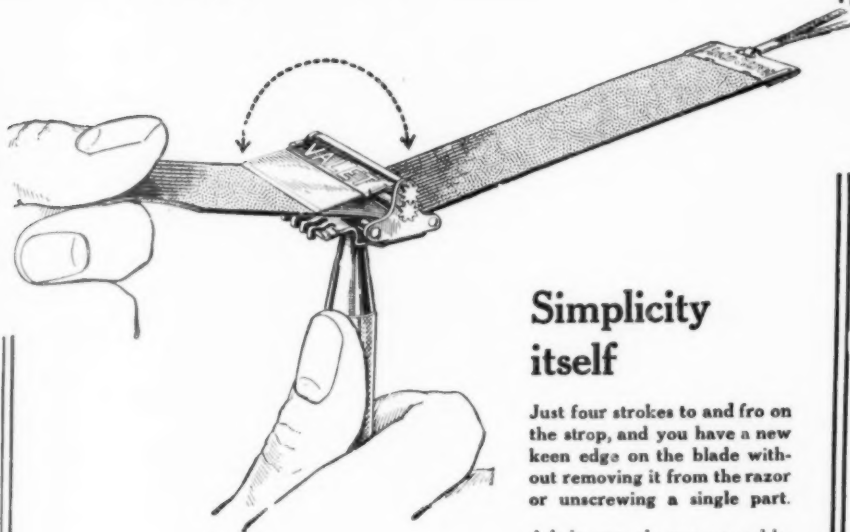
Beecham's Pills



Page 1419 of 95

THE QUIVER

"VALET" AutoStrop Safety Razor



Simplicity itself

Just four strokes to and fro on the strop, and you have a new keen edge on the blade without removing it from the razor or unscrewing a single part.

Ask the man who uses one and he will tell you that he is astounded at the ease with which this razor is slipped on to the strop, and the wonderful edge that is imparted to the blade by just 10 seconds stropping before each shave.

It is that keen edge combined with the accurate workmanship and superfine finish of the "Valet" AutoStrop that has won it the position of the world's premier safety razor.

In cleaning, too, it overcomes that "taking-to-pieces" which is the bugbear of other safety razors. Just swing the blade free, rinse it, and wipe it dry.

Soldiers swear by it because it is the only razor they can keep sharp in camp, barracks, or trenches.

THE STANDARD SET consists of heavily silver-plated self-stropping "Valet" safety razor, twelve special "Valet" blades, "Valet" strop, the whole in handsome leather-covered or nickel-plated case **21/-**

Of all high-class dealers throughout the world.

THE AUTOSTROP SAFETY RAZOR CO., LTD., 61, New Oxford St., London, W.C.

And also at New York, Paris, Milan, Sydney, Dublin, Toronto, &c.

The word "Valet" on Razors, Strops, and Blades, indicates the genuine product of the AutoStrop Safety Razor Co., Ltd., 61, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.

THE QUIVER



CLEMAK Safety Razor

MINUTE
TO STROP

5'9

MOMENT
TO CLEAN

Sole Australian Agents - W. Plant & Co. Sydney.

OF ALL CUTLERS, STORES &c. or from the CLEMAK RAZOR Co. 17, Billiter St. London.



BANISH YOUR INDIGESTION

Why go on suffering from Indigestion? Why put up with attacks of biliousness, flatulence, pains after eating, acidity, constipation, and the like? Probably all that you need is the help of a really efficient stomach and liver tonic, such as Mother Seigel's Syrup. This famous remedy, made from the medicinal extracts of more than ten varieties of roots, barks, and leaves, has been used by tens of thousands of people with wonderful success. It is a ready and convenient means of banishing and preventing the distressing symptoms which arise from a disordered state of the stomach, liver, and bowels. That is the secret of its long-standing, world-wide reputation. Put it to the test in your own case to-day.

MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP

The 2/9 bottle contains three times as much as the 1/3 size.

'Mascot' Shoes

for
Mother & Daughter
for
Indoor & Outdoor
for
Spring & Summer
(and Winter too)

MADE of durable materials in dainty and distinctive styles by the Makers of the Norvic de luxe Shoe. In all essentials they are the same as they were before the War, and will outlast two pairs of ordinary shoes.

Stylish, Trim and Comfortable on the Foot Dependable in wear

AGENTS
EVERYWHERE

See the Horseshoe



Trade Mark on the Sole



M 68.
Glace Kid
Oxford Shoe.



Booklet of Styles and name of nearest Agent, post free from NORVIC SHOE CO., Norwich. (Howlett & White, Ltd.)

M 92. Cloth Topped Oxford Shoe, Glace Kid Golosh, patent toe-cap. Nigger, Navy, or Black cloth.

M 88. Maid's Glace Kid Gibson style, with patent toe-cap. Also in Oxford style.

"HAIR HEALTH" AND BEAUTY FREE

MUNITION WORKER'S SUCCESS

Remarkable "Hair-Drill" Photographic Proof from Woolwich. (SPECIAL INTERVIEW.)

INVITATION TO WRITE FOR FREE TRIAL "HARLENE HAIR-DRILL" OUTFIT.

MUNITION workers are the latest to bear most remarkable testimony to the amazing results of "Harlene Hair-Drill" in securing Hair-Health and Beauty, and in growing and maintaining luxuriant and beautiful hair.

To-day you can personally prove, FREE, the truth of the facts to which they gladly testify. (See special offer below.)

Munition Workers, owing to the conditions under which their duties are carried out, are most liable to hair troubles, and are finding in this wonderfully successful "Harlene Hair-Drill" the only true method of growing and preserving really healthy and beautifully radiant hair.

MUNITION WORKER'S INTERESTING INTERVIEW

Miss A. Robins, of 6 Nightingale Place (whose photo appears herewith), was recently interviewed with a friend by a Press representative, when she expressed herself in the most emphatic terms about the marvellous virtues of "Harlene Hair-Drill."

This is the statement made by Miss Robins: "We are delighted beyond measure, for we have now been using 'Harlene' for some time. For nearly six months we have been on munition work, and are as keen as ever in doing our 'bit'—just as all the other girls are—but from the hair became affected. Our machines spray oil and lubricants into the hair, and as you lean over it cannot help but cover you; and then the atmosphere and many other things are against good hair."

"Now both of us are justly proud of our hair, for we have always had long, abundant, and full tresses; so, therefore, it became a matter of earnest thought to us. 'What to do?' we asked ourselves; and this has been more than answered by 'Harlene.' Our hair was never in better condition than now—healthy, glossy, and not a trace of weakness. It is remarkable how many of us are using 'Harlene,' and the result is always the same."

In this interview, however, Miss Robins only expresses an opinion that is being increasingly supported by her fellow-workers throughout the British Isles to-day, and by men and women in all

ranks and classes of society. "Harlene Hair-Drill" is now recognised by Royalty, Doctors, Professional Men, Society Leaders, Actresses, and War Workers of all kinds, as the speediest, most natural, and most permanent method of overcoming all hair troubles, and securing hair beauty.

FREE GIFT FOR EVERY READER.

There is no longer the least excuse for anyone to remain a sufferer from hair trouble of any kind, for to every reader to-day is given an opportunity to prove the hair-beautifying effect of "Harlene Hair-Drill" free of cost.

The Free "Hair-Drill" Outfit contains:

1. A Bottle of "Harlene," the true liquid food for the hair, which stimulates it to new growth. It is Tonic, Food, and Dressing in one.

2. A packet of the marvellous hair and scalp cleansing "Cremex" Shampoo, which prepares the head for "Hair-Drill."

3. A bottle of "Uzon" Brilliantine, which gives a final touch of beauty to the hair, and is especially beneficial to those whose scalp is inclined to be dry.

4. A copy of the new edition of the "Hair-Drill" Manual, giving complete instructions for this two-minute-a-day hair-growing exercise.

After a Free Trial you will be always able to obtain future supplies from your local chemist at 1s. 11d., 2s. 6d., or 4s. 6d. per bottle. (In solidified form, for Soldiers, Sailors, Travellers, etc., in Tins at 2s. 6d., with full directions as to use.) "Uzon" Brilliantine costs 1s. and 2s. 6d. per bottle, and "Cremex" Shampoo Powders, 2d. each, or 1s. per box of seven shampoos.

Any or all of the preparations will be sent post free on receipt of price direct from Edwards' Harlene, Limited, 20, 22, 24, and 26 Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C.1. Carriage extra on foreign orders. Cheques and P.O.'s should be crossed.

"HAIR-DRILL" GIFT COUPON

Fill in and post to EDWARDS' HARLENE, LTD.,
20, 22, 24 and 26 Lamb's Conduit Street,
London, W.C.1

Dear Sirs.—Please send me your Free "Harlene" Fourfold Hair-growing Outfit as described above. I enclose 4d. in stamps to cover cost of postage to any part of the world. (Foreign stamps accepted.)

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

Quiver, May, 1917.



MISS A. ROBINS.

a young lady engaged on munition work at Woolwich, tells of her interesting experience in cultivating beautiful hair, in the special interview reported here. It is to your own advantage to follow her example, and to possess healthy, abundant and beautiful hair. Accept the Great Gift offered to all to-day, by forwarding the Special Free Gift Coupon on this page.



ART HOME STUDY SCHOLARSHIPS

**WITHOUT ENTRANCE FEE
TO "QUIVER" READERS**

BEFORE the smallest cottage can be built, play produced, or any article put on the market, the work of a man or woman trained to make practical drawings is needed. Illustrating advertisements also offers opportunities for those with a taste for sketching. There is room in the profession for any artists with common sense and training. Artists now sell their work by post, and save the time and embarrassment of personal interviews. By post also you

confidential lessons are superbly illustrated. Sketches are sent by post for criticism; the letters of personal advice and criticism alone constitute a liberal education in profitable art work.

Subjects taught: Drawing for reproduction, book cover, advertisement designs, lettering, perspective, line, wash



The TEST SKETCH

One of hundreds of sketches by Chas. E. Dawson in the P.C.C. Course. It illustrates his lesson on rapid brushwork for newspaper advertisement.

can learn all about the work that's wanted; how to do it, where, when, and how to sell it.

You can learn at home all the practical essentials—all the little technical points—from an expert whose business is to help you enter the profession in the shortest possible time. Many amateurs have been helped to make saleable drawings and sell them by the Course of training personally conducted by post, by Chas. E. Dawson, the well-known London artist, who has taught more people to earn money by art than any other man. His exclusive and

and body colour sketches, splatter work, time and

labour-saving devices, originating saleable designs, establishing a connection, how, when, and where to sell designs to the best advantage. The Practical Correspondence College offers Mr. Dawson's full Course of Instruction at half fees, in small monthly instalments, to the first twenty-five readers to pass a postal examination. Competitors should copy the Test Sketch on this page and send it, with stamps for return, to the

Practical Correspondence College, 4 Thanet House, Strand, W.C. Each sketch will be examined, and a letter of criticism and advice sent gratis. It costs nothing and you risk nothing by getting a famous expert's opinion on your chance of success, and you may win a Scholarship.

FREE TO MOTHERS.

Every mother should send a post card for an interesting book entitled "Hints about Baby," which will be forwarded post free on application to Messrs. J. R. NEAVE & Co., Fordingbridge. Please mention QUIVER. Those desiring a free sample of the famous Neave's Food should enclose 2d. in stamps to cover actual postage.

**SEE THIS
SIGN**



It is like the Hall-Mark on Gold and Silver—and is never used except upon Drugs and Medicines of the Highest Quality.

It is the Guarantee of the **UNITED CHEMISTS ASSOCIATION LIMD.**

**MAKE YOUR OLD SUIT 6^d.
OR
COSTUME LIKE NEW 6^d.**



**"RAYMO" the Magic
CLOTH CLEANER**
Cleans Everything.

SUITS, DRESSES, BLOUSES, UNDERWEAR, CURTAINS, CARPETS, CHAIRS, COUCHES, BOOT TOPS, HATS, etc. "Raymo" makes grease, dirt, and stains fly from cloths and fabrics of every kind. Scientific, sure. Don't pay expensive prices for cleaning. Try a 6d. packet, postage 2d.; large packet, 12 post free. You will be highly delighted. Simply mix with water.

Address—**RAYMOND & CO., 3 West Street, Regent Street, London, W.1**





The Wish

"I wish that my old appetite may be restored to me, and that I shall be rid for ever of the horror of indigestion."

Is it your wish?

THEN TAKE CHOCOLOIDS.

Chocoloids possess the magic power of "Aladdin's Lamp." There's nothing magical about their composition, though. They are just the *scientific* combination of certain herbs and compounds, well known for their medicinal value. That's all.

The process of digestion does not take place in the stomach only. The bulk of the work is done by the intestines, and if these are not regularly cleared of all surplus matter the digestion is interfered with—and trouble follows.

Chocoloids

The Cure for Constipation

aid the process of digestion by keeping the bowels free from impurities.

More than eight-tenths of the body-building value of the food you eat is absorbed by the blood during the food's passage through the small intestine, and any impurities which are present at the time are absorbed also—then the blood takes poisonous matter throughout the entire system.

A course of Chocoloids will aid the digestive functions and purify the blood by thoroughly cleansing out the stomach and bowels.

The result is good digestion and a great improvement in the general health.

Send a Tin to the Front

Our men in France cannot afford to lose one jot of their efficiency—for their own sakes. You will be helping your "soldier boy" to keep fit if you send him a box of Chocoloids.



Price 2/6 per Box of 60 Tablets, usually sufficient to cure the most obstinate case.

Sample Box 1/3 containing 24 Tablets, obtainable from all Chemists and Druggists.

Let us send you a Box If you cannot obtain Chocoloids locally, we will send you a box post free on receipt of purchase price.

THE CHOCOLOID CO., Dept. M., Sturteley Laboratories, Birmingham.

Needham's Ltd.



Laitova Rhymes No. 4
(No. 5 next month).

These are the lemons from sunny climes
That help to give the best of good times.
For with milk from the cows in the
paddock there
(Milked by the maid so prim and fair),
The cows whose milk you may be sure
Is always fresh and rich and pure;
And with the eggs both brown and
white,
Laid by the hens with feathers bright,
They go to make the bairns' delight—

Laitova Lemon Cheese

The daily spread for the children's bread.

The cry is more, still more Laitova: not only from the home, but from the trenches. For Tommy finds it a delicious change from ordinary fare—nicer than jam—more appetising than butter—more nourishing and more wholesome. It contains just those food elements which men engaged in hard physical work need to fit them for their task. Include a few jars in the next parcel.

It's good for the children, too!
And it saves the butter bill.

From grocers and stores everywhere. In dainty hygienic jars.

SUTCLIFFE & BINGHAM, Ltd.,
Cornbrook, MANCHESTER.



Hints about Baby

EACH meal for Baby should be freshly prepared and given at a temperature of about 100°F. Use a Feeder that can be easily and efficiently cleansed. Never give Baby a "Comforter" which infects the mouth with germs, and spoils its shape.

The Food must be conveyed into Baby's mouth without fear of germ contamination and at a proper rate of flow.

The Allenburys' Foods

are easy to prepare, free from germs, and provide complete nourishment; the 'Allenburys' Feeder the simplest and best.

MILK FOOD No. 1.
From birth to 3 months.

MILK FOOD No. 2.
From 3 to 6 months.

MALTED FOOD No. 3.
From 6 months upwards.

Allen & Hanburys Ltd., London.



Copyright

Luce's on the shelf



There it is—doing nothing—been there quite a long time. *Take it down*—there are always uses for Luce's.

Put a liberal dash in your bath—a spoonful in your wash-bowl, foot-bath and baby's bath—two or three drops on your handkerchief or bodice. Burn it in a saucer of water to deodorise the sickroom, smoking-room or kitchen—sprinkle it on the patient's pillows and about the bed-clothes. Put it on your forehead and behind your ears to relieve a headache or mental strain. Mix a little in a tumbler of water for an excellent mouth-wash—give it to "the boys" for use after shaving.

For these and many other purposes, Luce's Eau-de-Cologne is pre-eminent. It is so pure and fragrant, so refreshing and antiseptic.

LUCE'S ORIGINAL Jersey EAU-de-COLOGNE

Famous since the early days of Queen Victoria. Numerous Gold Medals and Highest Awards.

EST. JERSEY 1857.

PRICES: 13. 26. 5. 10-
WICKERS: 30. 7. 13-
Of Rores, Chemists & Perfumers,
and from the Army & Navy Stores,
Barker's, Harrod's, Heppell's,
Selfridge's, Whiteley's, &c., or from
LUCE'S, High St., Southampton





Summertime uses for
Evans' Pastilles. No. 1.

Dust

The disease germs which make their attack by way of the mouth and throat are not so evident during the summer months, because during this time the system is not subject to so many depressing and abnormal influences.

Dust, and the sudden cooling after strenuous exercise, are the two most prolific causes of summer colds.

The dust which fills the air causes inflammation of the delicate mucous membrane which lines the throat; and sudden cooling lowers the vitality. These are the weak points which favour germ attacks.

Fortify your system and avert trouble by keeping handy a box of

EVANS' Pastilles

Evans' Pastilles are an effective precautionary measure against the attacks of all microbes which affect the mouth and throat.

Trench Odours

Evans' Pastilles are splendid for preventing the unpleasant effects resulting from Trench Odours, and our soldiers should be kept well supplied.

See the Raised Bar on each pastille—this is your safeguard.



Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores, or Post Free from the makers.

EVANS SONS LESCHER & WEBB, Ltd.,
56 Hanover Street, LIVERPOOL.

Obtainable also from our branch at 9, William Street, New York, and from the sole Agents in Canada, National Drug and Chemical Co., Ltd., Montreal, and Branches.

© S. C. I.

Cut down the Leather Bills of the Rompers!

Fortunately the little folk are absolutely care-free—they run, skip, jump and kick all the long, happy days regardless of high prices and quickly worn-out shoes: they romp just because they can't keep still, and

parents of healthy youngsters are facing a big problem in the present leather difficulties.

To purchase the bairns' footwear from D. Norwell & Son is the most sensible solution of the problem—for these boots and shoes are built up from sound, honest leather, on sensible foot-shape lasts, by craftsmen who put full strength into every detail; they're made with a full appreciation both of the requirements of growing feet and of the young folk's cunning in mounting up the boot bill—and they wear like nails.



The 'Bijou' Shoe.
This illustrates one of the best and most useful slippers for children. Note the comfort, stable design and shape. Uppers of dark brown grain goat-skin or black enamel seal.

| | | |
|------------------|----|------|
| Sizes 4, 5, 6 | .. | 4/11 |
| " 7, 8, 9, 10 | .. | 5/6 |
| " 11, 12, 13, 14 | .. | 6/6 |
| " 15 | .. | 7/6 |



The Girls' 'Girtle' Brogue.
A wear-resisting stylish make of Scotch brogue. Uppers of our black or rich brown calfskin.

| | | |
|-------------------|----|------|
| Sizes 7, 8, 9, 10 | .. | 12/6 |
| " 11, 12, 13, 14 | .. | 14/6 |
| " 15 | .. | 16/6 |
| " 16, 17 | .. | 18/6 |

(Maid's sizes.)

Norwell's 'Perth' Foot-wear

Made in Scotland.



The 'Cadet'.
For school or any wear. These shoes are the smartest thing in footwear for boys in shorts or the kilt. Splendid wear, and keep their shape to the last stitch. Uppers from best selection of black or brown calfskin, stout welted soles, ordinary tongues.

| | | |
|------------------|----|------|
| Sizes 9, 10 | .. | 14/6 |
| " 11, 12, 13, 14 | .. | 16/6 |
| " 15, 16, 17 | .. | 18/6 |

Resists the roughest wear staunchly—invariably keeps out the wet—fits perfectly yet leaves full freedom for natural development; there is strength without weight, stoutness without stiffness, and entire satisfaction with Norwell models for children of all ages.

D. NORWELL & SON,
PERTH, SCOTLAND.

Specialists in good-wearing Footwear.

Established over 100 years.

Foreign orders receive special attention. Orders sent post free in Britain. Foreign postage extra.

Write now for New Footwear Catalogue.



'Sweet Lavender'

The very name carries one's mind back to the old linen chest in which our grandmothers kept their fine Linens and dainty Laces and Embroideries fresh and sweet with the fragrance of freshly-cut lavender.

'SWEET LAVENDER DAINTYWEAR'

for Children

These dainty garments are made from a Superfine Cambric of exquisite texture and great durability—cut with skill, trimmed with beautiful Embroideries selected for their wearing and washing values, and expressing perfect taste and refinement.

Of all high-class Drapers. If any difficulty in procuring, please address the Manufacturers, mentioning THE QUIVER.

THE 'CHILPRUF' MANUFACTURING CO., LEICESTER.



Each quarter-dress garment is sold neatly boxed and perfumed with a Dainty Zenobia Lavender Sachet.

MEAT and MILK can be largely dispensed with

if a spoonful of the great milk proteid and phosphate food—**PLASMON**—The Mainstay of Life—is added when cooking vegetables, puddings, soups, and sauces. "The nourishing value of these foods is thereby enormously increased."—LANCET.

PLASMON OATS and PLASMON COCOA

are recommended by 20,000 Doctors as ideal all-the-year-round breakfast foods, especially for growing children.

BRITISH.



STANWORTH'S "Defiance" UMBRELLAS

THIS UMBRELLA

photographed *before* and *after* repair, is an example of what can be done in the Stanworth workshops.

A complete wreck in the first picture, the second shows the poor "patient" after being repaired and re-covered with the famous Stanworth "Defiance" Silk Union.

Send us your old Umbrella

to-day together with P.O. for 5/-, and it will reach you per return of post, looking as fresh as on the day you first purchased it. Postage on Foreign Orders 1/- extra.

A post card will bring you our Illustrated Catalogue of Stanworth "Defiance" Umbrellas, and patterns for re-covering umbrellas from 2/6 upwards.

STANWORTH & CO.,
Northern Umbrella Works,
BLACKBURN.



CHIVERS' CARPET SOAP

Cleans Carpets like New

One tablet will clean a large Carpet.

Thousands of Testimonials.

Free Sample on receipt of id. stamp for postage.

6D PER BALL

TWO SCULLERY HELPS!

The "SCULLION" SCRAPER. Made of Stout Metal. Very handy and useful article for all Pots and Pans. Each 3d.

The "ELBARD" DISHCLOTH HOLDER. The ideal Washer-up for all kinds of crockery, &c. No MORE CHAPPED or SCALDED HANDS. Can also be used with any cloth, duster, sponge or metal scrubber. (As illustrated.) 8d. each.

Both sent post free on receipt of P.O. for 1/-.

May be obtained of all Ironmongers, Stores, etc., or write to
ELBARD PATENTS CO.
(Dept. C), 40 York Road, King's Cross, London, N.

**Meatless and Delicious
Meals of extraor-
dinarily high nutritive
value can be made with**

PAN YAN THE WORLD'S BEST PICKLE

**Makes delicious Sand-
wiches, and is splendid
with Bread and Cheese.**

*On sale everywhere
at Popular Prices.*

Macnochie Bros., Ltd.

London.



See that Ironmould Stain?

One touch of Movol and it entirely disappears. Movol is a wonderful preparation that entirely banishes every sign of ironmould.



TRADE MARK
MOVOL
Regd

Removes Ironmould, Rust, Fruit, and Ink Stains from Clothing, Marble, etc.
Contains no acids and does not harm the daintiest fabric in any way.
Clothes having a **YELLOW TINGE** have their original colour completely restored by adding a tablespoonful to the rinsing water.
From Chemists, Stores, Grocers, etc., in 6d. and 1/- tubes. If you cannot obtain, send 1/2 for large trial tube to

W. EDGE & SONS, LTD., BOLTON, LANCs.

The Home Beautiful

Telegrams:
"Greently,
London."

Telephone:
1829, 1830, 2128
Battersea.

"SPRING" CRETONNES, COVERS, CURTAINS

FOR THE BEST DESIGNS, COLOURS AND VALUE, WRITE
OR VISIT WILLIAMSON & COLE'S.

"RIBBON AND
CHRYSANTHEMUM"
CURTAIN.

"SABINA" CRETONNE.



11½d. per yd. 31 ins. wide.

THEY have the choicest collection of
CRETONNES, LINENS AND
OMBRES, including beautiful floral and
old-world designs suitable for Curtains and
Covers. Their Fabrics are unequalled.

CRETONNES, from 8½d. to 3/6 per yd.
LINENS AND OMBRES, from 2/6 to 6/11 per yd.

Curtain and Loose Cover Specialists.

CASEMENT FABRICS COTTONS, WOOLS, SILKS

in large variety of colours, qualities and
designs, from 6½d. to 5/3 per yd.

BOLTON SHEETINGS, from 1/11½ per yd.,
50 ins. wide.

REPS, SATINS, BROCADES AND DAMASKS.
from 3/11 to 12/11 per yd.

Write for Patterns and their world-famous Book,
"THE HOME BEAUTIFUL," full of ideas
and delightful colour schemes to beautify the Home.
Gratis and Post Free.



Applique on Bolton Sheet
ing. 3½ yds. long, 23/11
per pair.

PATTERNS POST FREE.

Williamson & Cole
HIGH STREET, CLAPHAM, S.W. LTD.

DIABETES

Write for Samples and Booklet and enclose 6 stamps for postage.

CHELTINE FOODS CO., CHELTENHAM
FLOUR, BISCUITS, BREAD, FOOD, Etc.

Highly Recommended by Medical Profession.

The Patent TREASURE COT FOR INFANTS

LIGHT - COMFORTABLE
HYGIENIC - PORTABLE
No draughts or hard substances to mar baby's
comfort. Packs small.

PRICES FROM 17/6 POST FREE.
Illustrated Catalogue of Cots and Accessories Free.
Treasure Cot Showrooms (Dept. M.3),
124 Victoria Street, London, S.W.



COUPON.

The League of Young British Citizens.

MOTTO:

"For God and the Empire: By Love serving one another."

I wish to be enrolled as a member of the L.Y.B.C. I will do all
I possibly can to be true to its ideals and to carry out its object. I enclose
two penny stamps for a Certificate of Membership.

Name Age and date of birth

Address

Signature of Parent or Guardian

(To be filled in if member is under 14 years.)

The slightest
sound is
magnified



DEAF NO LONGER

Just think what that means to one who has been deaf. New Life! New Hope!! Renewed Usefulness and Happiness. No one need remain deaf since the invention of the

AURIPHONE

a tiny pocket 'phone which magnifies the least sound to the desired degree, and simply makes the deaf hear.

SEND A CARD at once for full particulars and prices, or call any time for a Free Demonstration.

AURIPHONES, Ltd., 30a Walter House, 418 Strand, LONDON.

**MAXIMUM FOOD VALUE
MINIMUM COST**

PLASMON OAT-COCOA

"Contains an abundance of Phosphates and
is highly nutritious."—*The Lancet.*

7½d. (½-lb.), 1/2½ (½-lb.), 2/4 (1-lb.) **BRITISH**



It isn't possible to illustrate
the real leather-like
appearance of REXINE.

You must actually see the material to appreciate its beauty. As a matter of fact, it is only the expert that can tell the one from the other. But whilst looking like leather

Rexine

Ask your
furniture dealer
to show you
samples or write
to—

is much superior. It wears longer: it doesn't crack or peel, and it is absolutely impervious to grease, stains, or water. It is the finest material there is for upholstering furniture, and the most economical—it costs only one quarter the price of leather.

REXINE Ltd., Rexine Works, HYDE, nr. Manchester.

B11

Q

THE CLEMAN **Royal Stropper** SHARPENS & KEEPS SHARP *Gillette* **BLADES**



An ingenious patent--with spiral leather--covered rollers The perfect principle of--razor stropping for--Gillette blades:--

New blades should be stropped before use, when a..... delightful shave is certain and blades last much longer..

Old blades will--require more strop--ping, but nothing is easier or more certain of good results than the Royal Stropper.

The novice..... matches the expert: nothing can go.... wrong, no skill is... required. 10 turns--equal 22 inch strop.

OF ALL CUTLERS, STORES, &c. obtainable from the Cleman Razor & Gillette Co. London, E.C.



Though Pot or Pan
is leaking quite,
It mended can
Be with Fluxite.

FLUXITE

is used in making shells and other munitions, because it effects a great saving in time, thus increasing the output of labour and plant. BOTH Amateurs and Mechanics the world over will have Fluxite. It

SIMPLIFIES SOLDERING

Repair your pots and pans and other metal articles
Of all Ironmongers, in tins, 7d., 1/2, and 2/4
Auto-Controller Co., 226 Vienna Road, Bermondsey, England.

FREE TRIAL

-for one week
Deposit the price
with your dealer
and if not sat-
isfied your money
will be returned.

THE ORIGINAL AND GENUINE

O-Cedar Polish Mop

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See page iii

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THE QUIVER

CONTENTS FOR MAY, 1917

Frontispiece: "Listening to the Harpist." *Drawn by Stanley Davis*

| | PAGE |
|---|------|
| Harp Strings. Complete Story. By EVA BRETHERTON. <i>Illustrated by Stanley Davis</i> | 557 |
| With the Casualties Afloat. Red Cross Heroism in a Naval Engagement. By A. C. MARSHALL. <i>Illustrated by Photographs</i> | 563 |
| A CASTLE TO LET. Serial Story. By MRS. BAILLIE REYNOLDS. Chapters XVII-XVIII. <i>Illustrated by A. C. Michael</i> | 572 |
| CAN MAN ABOLISH WAR? An Essay in Construction. By HAROLD BEGBIE. No. 1.—Admiral Mahan's Warning | 585 |
| Making Good. Complete Story. By the late MRS. GEO. DE HORNE VAIZEY. <i>Illustrated by Balliol Salmon</i> | 591 |
| THE CINEMA—TWO VIEWS:— | |
| 1.—In Praise of the Cinema. By EUSTACE MILES. <i>Illustrated by Photographs</i> | 602 |
| 2.—The Child at the Cinema. A Serious Indictment. By AMY B. BARNARD. <i>Illustrated by W. Hatherell, R.I.</i> | 605 |
| The Letters She Kept. By ETHEL TALBOT. <i>Illustrated by E. P. Kinsella</i> | 609 |
| THE HAPPY CLUB. No. 6.—A Day of Misadventure. By GRACE GOLDEN and DOROTHY MARSH. <i>Illustrated by Noel Harrold</i> | 611 |
| Mrs. Geo. de Horne Vaizey. A Tribute. By the EDITOR | 620 |
| Conversation Corner. By the EDITOR | 623 |
| THE HOME DEPARTMENT:— | |
| Some Italian Fancy Work | 625 |
| The "Erskine" Border and Corner | 627 |
| Some Simple Puddings. By BLANCHE ST. CLAIR | 628 |
| SECTION FOR YOUNGER READERS:— | |
| About Story-Writing—and Other Things. By "DAPHNE" | 631 |
| The League of Young British Citizens. Conducted by "ALISON" | 634 |

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of
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While you
WAIT

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To Messrs. WILLIAM WALKER.

DEAR SIRS,—I'm not a talker who talks because he's nothing else to do, but now I want to chatter about a little matter that may be, perhaps, of interest to you. The "Matter" is your Dri-ped. Why doesn't every biped, who owns a pair of walking boots or shoes, say "Give me Dri-ped leather, that can defy the weather!" and bar all other makes, no matter whose? Perhaps it should be mentioned and however well-intentioned a customer may be, he's sometimes told, "Oh, Dri-ped's overrated; the price of it's inflated." And so, with spongy stuff his shoes are soled! This smacks, to me, of treason! I asked one man the reason why use of Dri-ped should try to lark? On pressure, he confided he valued it as I did, but stitchers found it difficult to work! The public ought to know this, and then they'd overthrow this lay-out of benefits to man. Let

justice be apportioned, and every shoeman's door shunned who says he cannot get it, when he can! It isn't overrated; it's better than you've stated; I wouldn't be without it for a lot; in proof of what I'm saying, I walk about displaying the purple stamp on every boot I've got! I used to have "rheumatics" and suffer like fanatics who scorn the good advice that should convince, but now I've seen my errors, wet roads have lost their terrors, I've never had the painful racking since! There must be many living who offer you thanksgiving; the Marquis and the man who brings the milk, the Bishop and the hawker, and every well-shod "Walker" must bless the Messrs. William of that ilk! Though only one of many I cannot yield to any in gratitude to you for Dri-ped's birth; and so, dear Sirs, in ending this tribute that I'm sending, I sign myself as

ONE WHO KNOWS ITS WORTH.

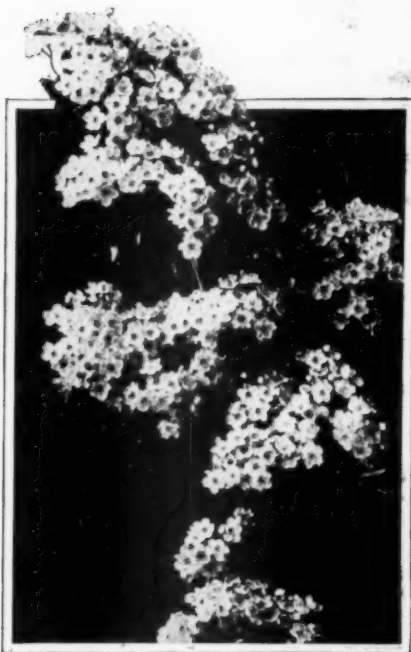


Without this Trade Mark in Purple, the leather is a substitute.

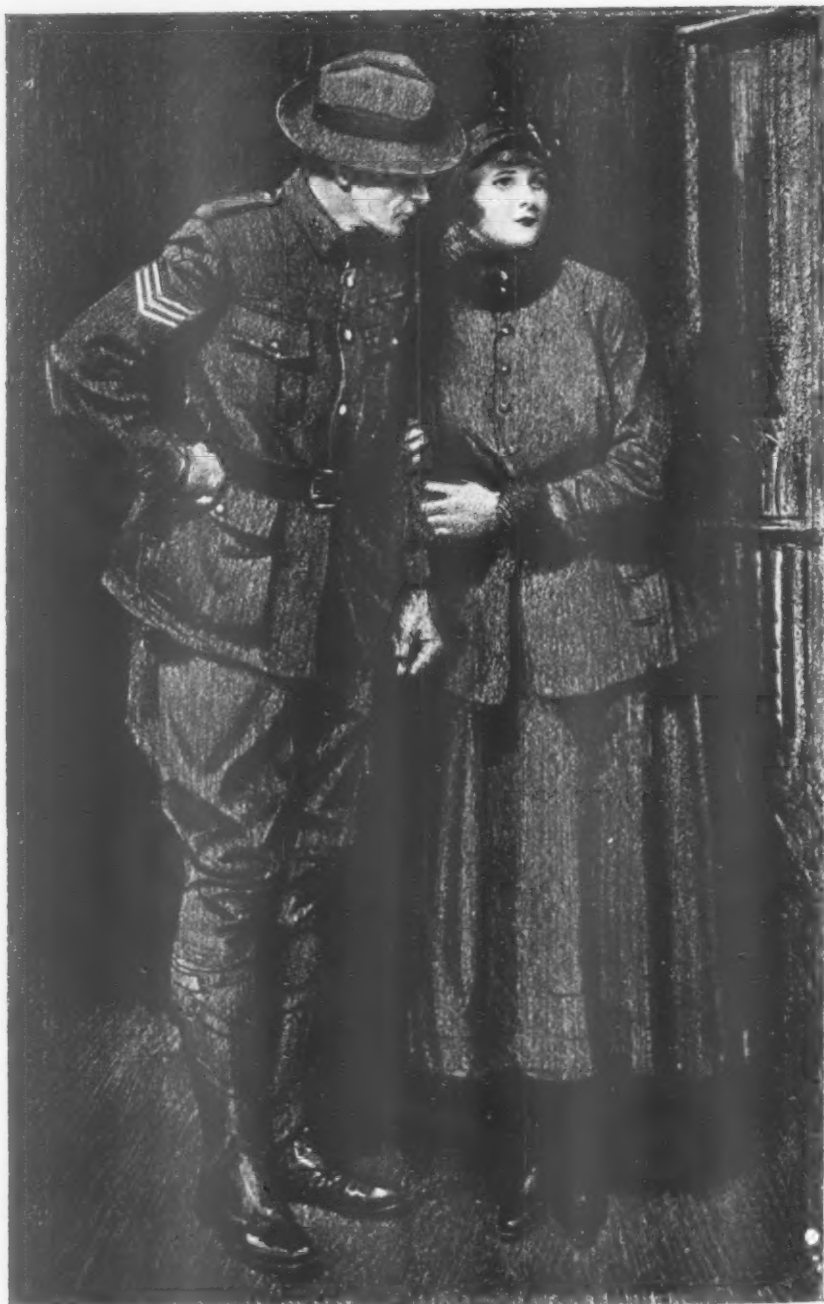
DRI-PED
THE SUPER-LEATHER FOR SOLES

Write for free descriptive booklet "About the Diamond Sign of Double Wear."

William Walker & Sons, Limited, "Dri-ped" Advertising Dept., County Building, Cannon Street, Manchester.



"When rosy May comes in with flowers
To deck her gay, green-spreading bowers."
—BURNS



"Unconscious of what she did, she clung suddenly as if for protection to the young soldier's arm"—p. 502.

Drawn by
Stanley Davis.



THE QUIVER



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HARP STRINGS

By

EVA BRETHERTON

THE HARPIST

IN the hush of that ten minutes before the regular tea hour commences, the charmingly decorated and most popular tea room of the big southern watering place wore a waiting and expectant aspect. At the tables, each with its alluring load of pink china and flowers, only a few scattered couples already sat; the pretty waiting maids (in pink to match the china) flitted to and fro, half idly putting finishing touches here and there.

In the corner least in the way of the customers the harpist sat quietly waiting for the piano and violin who completed the tea room trio. His head—a handsome leonine head, with swept-back hair just tinged with white—tilted a little backwards, his green-grey eyes looked half quizzically, half indifferently towards the door through which his patrons came. Every now and then his strong fingers, broad at the tips, swept the harp strings idly, and a sweet, tremulous wave of melody eddied among the empty tables, stirring to unaccustomed feeling the few people who occupied those not empty.

For he was a master of his craft. What had brought him to his present position in a tea shop trio, no one knew. Perhaps, before the war, he had occupied a better—perhaps not. He was here now, and the plain girl who played the violin, and the "unfit" young man who presided at the piano, were too much interested in each

other to give him much thought. They had no choice but to leave him virtual leadership of the trio. For the rest—when he played carelessly, as he often did, it was a riot of charming sound; when he played well, it was a joy. When he played with his heart, it was as though he played upon the heart strings of those around him.

Certainly he did upon those of pretty Rosemary Falkener, the daintiest and sweetest of all the waitresses. As she went to and fro among the tables day after day in her pink frock and muslin apron, with her golden hair drawn back into the tight coiffure that fashion demanded, the harpist with the grey hair, to whom she had never spoken, played upon her heart strings, drawing from them melodies she did not understand.

For Rosemary was not quite as the other waitresses. They were most of them of the town, girls of the ordinary kind, too busy with their "boys," their rinks and picture shows after hours, to distinguish between music and mere sound, or to look at the obviously elderly man who produced the former.

But Rosemary had no "boy," though she might have had plenty of a kind. Nor did she care overmuch for cinemas and rinks in the company of her rather boisterous girl friends. Far away in a remote country parsonage Rosemary had been born to a gentle mother and scholarly father, who later had perforce to let her go out into the

THE QUIVER

world at eighteen, equipped with nothing more practical than her beauty and a little wistful, romantic soul.

So the harp strings called to what was starved within her. Day by day they called, and her ears were always tuned to listening, her eyes for ever wandering to the strong hands that woke the music, the leonine, handsome head and massive throat above.

To-day the customers came with a rush. Soon the blinds were drawn, the lights turned up. Brilliant and warm, the crowded room seemed to fill and fill and fill. Faster and faster Rosemary hurried about her work, till her cheeks burnt like fire. The young men in khaki, of whom there were many at the tables, paid her callow compliments. Some of the women grew irritable and snapped at her because she kept them waiting. She was growing very tired, almost bewildered by it all—and the sound of the harp strings swept and swept through the room like a wild wind through a wood.

At last came a lull. Gradually the tables emptied, and as the room grew quieter the trio of musicians broke into a low-toned melody unlike what they had played before. As it died away on the last chord, Rosemary, coming from her tables laden with used tea-things, bent towards the harpist as she passed his place.

"Thank you!" she whispered impulsively. "Oh, thank you! It was beautiful!"

He looked up in surprise. A waitress who saw beauty in this simple classic piece! Nay, more—a waitress who saw it so that her eyes swam in tears!

The plain girl and the unfit young man went away together. Then the harpist, who, the music over, usually took his tea in the room at the table nearest the musicians' corner, deliberately crossed to the tables belonging to Rosemary and sat down at one.

Coming back from the kitchen with clean cups and saucers, she found him there.

"Oh!" she said, forgetting entirely in her agitation her usual sedate question of "What can I get you, sir?"

He looked her thoughtfully over.

"So you like my music, child?" he said at last.

"Oh, it is beautiful! I have never heard such music before I heard you."

"If you liked it, why did you cry?" The green-grey eyes were quizzical.

She coloured. "Because it *was* so beautiful, I suppose. It—it hurts!"

"Ah!" he said. "But you are too young to feel music like that, or to know that what is beautiful hurts! It is for us old folks— There, run and get me my tea."



PASSING SWEET

AFTER that he came every evening to Rosemary's table. At first he said little, but as time went on he led her on to talk, in the brief intervals of her waiting, until he had drawn from her all her little story. An understanding seemed to grow up between them, and sometimes during the earlier part of the afternoon she knew that he had chosen and was playing for her the music she loved best.

One evening he asked her to go out with him after the tea room closed. Scarcely believing in her own good luck, she went. They turned by mutual consent to the quiet, almost deserted cliff walks, and strolled for a long time under the stars, with the sound of the sea far below them, while he told her wonderful things about countries and places she had never heard of, or poured out his own sometimes whimsical, sometimes bitter, sometimes sad, comments and reflections on life.

It was all as far above Rosemary's pretty little head as the stars themselves, but her adoration for her hero gave her wit to make all the response he needed, and many other walks followed the first.

Once or twice he took her to the cinema show or theatre, but she liked the walks under the stars best. Now and then he took her arm, lightly and carelessly, as a father might have done, though she thrilled to his touch. She would have liked him to kiss her, as she had heard so often of the other girls' "boys" doing; but he never did, and in her loyalty she put the thought aside, content to bide his time. He must love her, since he sought her out so much, and for her it was happiness enough just to be near him.

She knew nothing of his more intimate life, nor did she ask his age or care to know. It would have astonished her to hear that

HARP STRINGS



"As it died away on the last chord, Rosemary coming from her tables laden with used tea-things, bent towards the harpist"

Drawn by
Stanley Oxley

the father in the distant parsonage was younger than he, but have made little difference to her devotion. At his own careless description of himself as an "old fellow" she laughed—the happy, incredulous laughter of the woman in love.

The months went on. It was March before the *dénouement* came.

They had chosen for their evening stroll one of the walks across the Links at the back of the town. They had not spoken much. He had seemed moody, restlessly smoking cigarette after cigarette. His music of the afternoon had been wild and fitful, and Rosemary, sensitive little harp string as she was, felt vaguely disturbed by it.

Presently they passed a wayside seat.

"Let us sit down," he said. "We can talk better."

Nevertheless, he only lit another cigarette and sank again into abstraction.

"Ah well!" he said at last, suddenly breaking the silence. "We have had many pleasant times together. It will have done you no harm to learn what a cross old man is like."

"What do you mean?" she said, startled.

"What I say. We have made the winter less lonely for each other, had some pleasant evenings together, and now the time is coming to an end we shall both have pleasant memories."

"Coming to an end? Why, what—"

Blank consternation was on her face.

"I'm going away, child. On Monday. I have been offered a good—very good—engagement in London. I shall be in my own place again. I cannot pretend that I am not glad."

She gazed at him in dumb bewilderment.

"You are going—and you never told me till now!"

THE QUIVER

"Child, never anticipate an evil moment. You would have been sorry, *I* should have been sorry, and so spoilt our last week. Now it has been happy almost to its end."

Its end! To-day was Friday. And on Monday——!

"And what shall *I* do, then?" she asked, almost in a whisper.

"You, child? You will stay here, of course—or are you tired of the tea shop already? If so, many things are open to youth like yours. But the work at the tea shop is not too hard. The pay is not bad. You will be a wise little girl and stay. I shall like to think of you, the prettiest and brightest among them all. Eh?"

"You won't!" she said stormily. "You know that I shall not be bright or happy. You know that I can't live without you. *Why* must I stay? Why can't you take me with you?"

She broke down and buried her face in his shoulder.

For a moment the man sat still. Then, throwing down the half-smoked cigarette and stamping it into the ground, he turned to the girl. Gently but firmly he unfastened the clinging hands, putting her back into her place.

"This is foolishness, little one," he said kindly enough. "Come"—handing her his handkerchief—"wipe your pretty eyes and be wise. You cannot come with me. How would it be possible? I am no family man. You have already a father, far better than I! I do not need a secretary. So——"

In her pain and grief poor Rosemary plunged where she would never have thought to plunge.

"You could take me—you *could*!" she moaned. "I thought you loved me!" Then, in sudden terror: "You are not married?"

"Tut, tut, child!" he said uneasily, for the moment was proving even worse than he had feared. "No, nor ever shall be again. All that is behind me. I am growing old; you are in the springtime of youth. And, more than that (it is better that you should know), it is perhaps no question of youth or age. There was one woman—one only—who could ever have been mate for me. I lost her. There can be no other to take her place."

"You—you have always been happy with me!" poor Rosemary said brokenly.

"Dear child, did I not say it had been pleasant? But you do not understand. She and I might have climbed to the stars together. But you—poor, pretty, foolish child whom other men than I might love—how could you even begin to know what manner of woman *she* was——"

He broke off, impatiently lighting and puffing at another cigarette. It was clear that his thoughts were far now from the girl beside him.

For an instant she watched him in dumb misery. Then anger surged up in her. Springing to her feet she said hoarsely:

"So I am not good enough for you! I see! I was good enough for you to amuse yourself with, help you pass the time, but no more. You let me love you—you didn't mind that—but you yourself—— Oh, you have been cruel to me! You have spoilt my life! You——"

Tears choked her voice. Covering her face with her hands, she hurried away.

At first he made to follow her. Then, shrugging his shoulders slightly, he sank back on the seat.

"Better so, perhaps," he said. "It is kinder to be cruel now. Poor child! I should have been more careful. But she will forget—she will forget. Youth soon forgets. Ah, life—strange how you turn one's simplest pleasures into pain! We were happy enough if she—— But she is too young to take the good that comes and ask no more."

Sighing a little, and shivering in the chill of the evening air, he turned up his collar and made his way home to his rooms.

At the door of the house he paused, looking back into the night.

"Marguerite!" he said pitifully. "You left me alone to my foolishness, and so—I play with fire and burn my fingers. Ah me!"

He went in and shut the door.



HIS FATHER'S SON

ROSEMARY did not go to the tea room next day. Feverish, humiliated, utterly miserable, she wandered about the town, finally sending a telegram that she was ill and could not be in her place. Whether it meant the loss of the latter or not, she did not

HARP STRINGS

care. She was too sore to think of anything save the hurt that, after the manner of youth, she was magnifying to dimensions far beyond its own.

Later, she went back to her room. But as the closing hour of the tea room approached she became filled with a nervous dread that the harpist, not seeing her there, might seek her out. Certain that she could never meet him again, she thrust on hat and coat and made her way in the deepening dusk to the once-loved cliff walks.

Here, lonely, disconsolate, almost weeping in the bitterness of her self-pity, she wandered to and fro until at last, tired out, she was driven to seek rest on one of the seats.

Suddenly she became aware that she was not alone. A man, dirty, unkempt, smelling of drink, had edged along the seat and sat close to her, leering into her face.

"Don't cry, miss," he said, leaning closer. "A saucy gal like you don't need to cry!"

Hurriedly Rosemary tried to rise, but he stretched out a dirty hand and laid it on her arm. "Wot's the hurry?" he queried.

Rosemary tried to push his hand off.

"Let go at once!" she said.

His face darkened.

"Hoity-toity, eh?" he said. "Well, there's a cure for that——"

He threw a frowsty arm round her, and tried to draw her to him.

Rosemary screamed, loud and shrill, into the night air.

For a moment no answer came. She was in despair. Then out of the darkness a shout, and the sound of thudding footfalls.

With an oath her assailant released her and slunk rapidly away into the shadows as a stalwart khaki-clad figure, wearing the slouch hat of the Australian forces, dashed up.

"Are you all right?" he asked anxiously. "I came as quick as I could. The brute didn't hurt you?"

Rosemary saw a kind, young, clean-shaven face under the slouch hat, the sergeant's stripes on the khaki arm, said chokily, "No, I'm all right, thank you," and burst again into hysteric tears, this time of fright as well as pain.

The man sat quietly down beside her and waited.

After five minutes' steady weeping she looked up, vaguely comforted by his presence.

"Better?" he said briefly.

She nodded. "It was good of you to come," she said shakily. "I was frightened. But he didn't hurt me. I was feeling upset before. That made it worse."

"Good thing I was near by, anyway!" he said. "If you're ready, I reckon I'd better walk with you to a less lonesome spot."

Rosemary rose meekly, and together they walked back towards the town. She learnt that her companion had only landed with his contingent a few days previously, and only the day before arrived in this town, where a portion of them were billeted.

He had a pleasant voice, with a slight colonial burr. His face she had not yet seen clearly, but as she glanced up into it by the light of one of the few dim lamps they passed, she was struck by something handsome and also half familiar in the clean-cut sweep of his profile.

She caught her breath at the sudden memory of pain that it evoked. At the same moment they reached the entrance to one of the shop thoroughfares, and she paused.

"Thank you," she said rather stiffly. "I think I shall be all right alone now."

He looked down at her with eyes which were blue and not green-grey, as she had half expected.

"Seems to me you're in a mighty hurry to get rid of a chap!" he said. "A little bit of a thing like you, too, who couldn't begin to take care of herself! But I don't mind telling you that I don't leave you till I've handed you over safe to your mammy, anyway."

"I haven't got a 'mammy,'" Rosemary said, and her lips trembled with renewed self-pity.

"Poor little kid! No wonder you looked so lonesome. I never had a mammy myself—not to remember; and I reckon I know a bit about lonesomeness. I wasn't feeling too cheerful a while back. Come on. You must have a home of sorts, and I reckon I'll find someone to look after you, anyway."

She moved on obediently. As they went he drew out his pocket-book and, pausing under a lamp, read out a number and the name of a street in the town.

"It was the last address I had of my father's," he said. "Strange coincidence that I should be sent to the same town. I

THE QUIVER

must try and find out to-morrow if he is still here. You don't happen to know where this is, I suppose?"

A blank silence followed his question.

Then Rosemary said slowly: "Yes; it is not far from where we are going. I—I know someone who lodges at that number."

"Good. Then perhaps you can tell me if he is there still? He's a musician—plays the harp. He used to be as handsome as a picture, but of course he's getting on now. Still, you couldn't forget him if you'd once seen him, I expect."

No. Rosemary couldn't forget! Very faintly she said: "Yes, he is still there. I will show you the house."

They walked on, the young soldier, apparently unconscious of the girl's extreme silence, talking of the father whose whereabouts he was seeking.

"I haven't seen him for ten years. Not that I ever saw much of him all my life. He had me fed and clothed and decently brought up, and that's about all. Where he went or what he did in the intervals of my seeing him I never knew. I don't know now what brings him here."

"He plays," Rosemary said painfully, "at a tea room."

"A tea room! Great Scott! Then the poor old chap must be down on his luck! I fancy I see him doing it when I went out to Australia ten years ago! He was made for big things. He and my mother were alike in that. But she died. I—my coming—killed her. He never forgave me—or forgot her. So far as I know, nothing but his music has ever counted with him since. It has been his life."

"This is the house," said Rosemary. "Hark!"

From the upper window of the house outside which they had halted came, full and sweet, the rich sweeping chords of music which a harp gives, struck by a master hand. In the solitude of his own room the harpist was playing to himself.

Tenderness and pain swept over the girl. Unconscious of what she did, she clung suddenly as if for protection to the young soldier's arm.

"It—it hurts!" she said. "It is so sad! But he does live for it—I see now."

Her companion glanced at her swiftly.

"Poor old chap!" he said. "I reckon

I'll go and see him to-night. But first I'm going to see *you* home. You're dead beat."

He kept the hand that had clung to him firmly within his arm and led her away.

She let him do it, still half unconscious of what she did. For the chords of music that fell from that master hand followed her along the streets, sweeping through her brain. When she had said good-bye to her escort, entered her own door, and climbed her stairs, they were with her still. And when, weary to death, she sank into sleep, they echoed through her last conscious moments.

But in the night she had a strange dream.

She was walking with the harpist under the stars by the sea, happy and content as of old. But his arm was round her now, as never in reality had it been. It was a strong arm, with comfort and protection in its hold, and somehow, strangely for that of one past military serving age, it had become clad in khaki. She could not see (it worried her rather) whether, beneath the slouched khaki hat he wore, the leonine sweep of brow and hair just touched with white remained the same, but the eyes that looked tenderly into hers were undoubtedly blue, though she had thought them greenish-grey!

Well, dreams have come true before now.



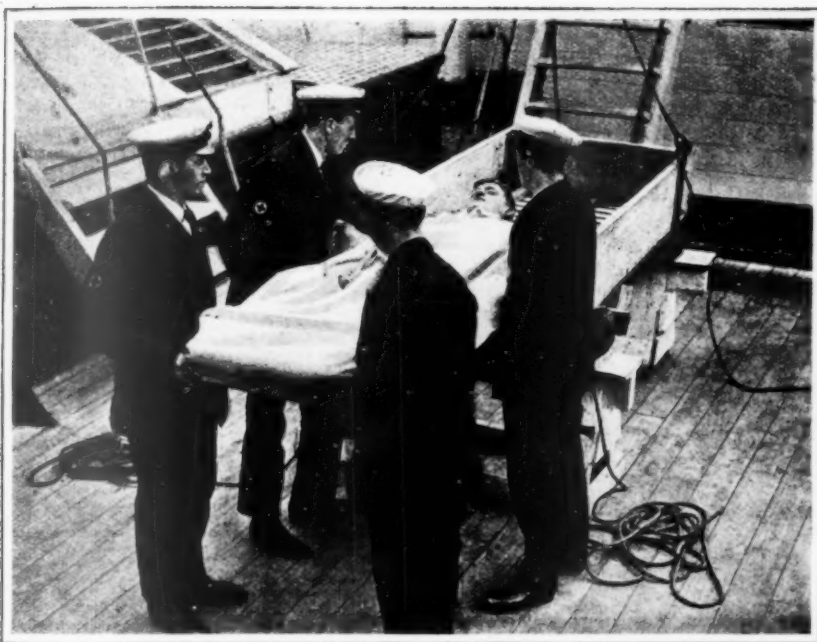
POSTSCRIPT

ONE of the presents at the war wedding of a young sergeant of Anzacs and his pretty bride, a month or two later, was a tiny silver harp, a charming toy for a bîjou table, whose silver strings gave faint and fairy music like the whisper of forgotten things.

It came the day after the wedding, in a little box bearing the London postmark, and with it lay a card on which was simply written, "Be happy."

The pretty bride, blooming with youth and happiness, unwrapped it, fingered it gently to wake the fairy music, looked at it a little queerly for a moment or two—then put it down and forgot it altogether as the door opened and she turned to meet her husband's eyes.

Youth soon forgets!



A Canvas Cot being passed into a Carrier on the Rollers. The tailboard has been removed at one end for the purpose.

WITH THE CASUALTIES AFLOAT

The Palpating Story of Red Cross Heroism in a Naval Engagement

By A. C. MARSHALL

(With Photographs by courtesy of the Medical Department of the Admiralty)

MUCH has been written of the gallant rescue work performed for our soldiers, of the brave stretcher bearers, of heroic surgeons and devoted Nursing Sisters; the tale of the Royal Army Medical Corps has been oft-told; there are few phases of field and hospital casualty duty with which most of us are not now more or less familiar.

In the Midst of a Naval Engagement

But what of the Red Cross work at sea, in all the concentrated agony of a naval engagement, when every floating spar is a danger zone in itself, when the sea runs high and when everything must be jettisoned

and sacrificed as the price of swift victory? Singularly little has been written regarding this aspect of the care of our wounded and dying in the "silent" service, yet it constitutes a living romance in itself and the lifting of the veil discloses feats of bravery and self-oblivion that cannot fail to add to the glory and splendour of our salt-water traditions.

The Difference the Sea Makes

Only to a very minor extent do land and sea casualties run along parallel lines. With our soldiers after action we have a comparatively small proportion of deaths, and probably from ten to fifteen times as

THE QUIVER

many wounded patients to be dealt with. At sea, however, for a score of wounded fighters to be saved, there are at least a hundred deaths; indeed, in very big battles, it may be said that naval casualties produce thousands of deaths to hundreds of non-fatal cases.

There are two main reasons for this. One lies in the fact that gun-shot wounds, i.e. those from rifle and machine-gun fire, are usually eliminated, and that the rain of death is flung far more surely with the bursting projectiles of enormous calibre. An even more potent explanation is that our brave sailors fall in hordes into the hungry

Primarily, then, every ship in commission possesses its own sick bay in charge of a surgeon, and staffed by members of the Royal Naval Sick Berth Service, which, to some extent, corresponds to the R.A.M.C. on land. The sick bay, with its hammock-like cots swinging from the ceiling by ropes, is invariably above the water-line, light and airy, and it may be mentioned that the health of the British Navy has never, in its whole history, been so good as during the war. Indeed, at the present time, not one man per 100 is sick, whilst in the piping days of peace at least 2 per cent. are usually under hospital treatment. And point may be made of the fact, as further proof of this statement, that a naval surgeon recently visiting two battleships, with a complement of over 1,000 each, found only two men in the sick bays.

Getting Ready for the Engagement

Now, at sea, with the coming of an engagement, one of the first steps is completely to dismantle the sick bay, which might, from its position, well be reduced to matchwood by a single shell. Its very situation above the water-line in itself constitutes a danger. Cots and appliances, the operating table and the stretchers, are all taken away, and there are established in the larger vessels two medical distributing stations, one forward and the other aft, both well down and behind armour-plating. In a modern sense they constitute the "cockpit" of the Nelson days.

With a surgeon in charge of each station, the non-combatants of the ship will be told off for special duties—the chaplain, the paymaster, clerks and writers, storekeepers, ward-room servants, cooks and so on. Previously instructed, and aided by the highly trained Sick Berth staff, they become stretcher bearers and First Aid men, bringing in the wounded when it is possible in the heat and smoke of the fighting to reach them, dressing the wounds of such men as can make their own way to the station, taking the dead, if such gruesome work is



In the Naval Hospital Train: showing Stretcher and Cot centrally strung.

maw of the sea itself, so that the toll taken by drowning becomes colossal.

But before describing in detail the thrilling scenes of Red Cross work in naval actions, before reaching the actual drama itself, it will be necessary to set the stage by explaining both the personnel and the more material provisions that can be made at sea for dealing with the living aftermath of the tornado.

WITH THE CASUALTIES AFLOAT

feasible, to the mortuary that has been decided upon.

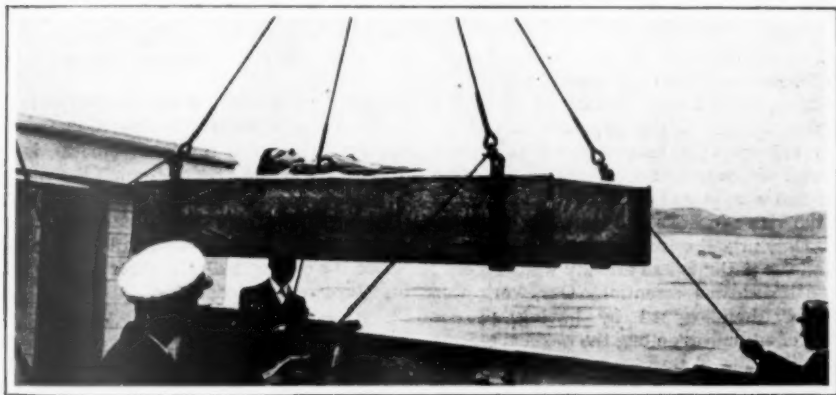
But, apart from this, canvas bags containing first-aid gear are served out prior to battle to the turrets, engine-rooms, boiler-rooms and other compartments, each bag containing antiseptic dressings, tourniquets, bandages, and other necessities.

The Battle of Jutland

And, now, to give a realistic note, it will be well to quote a few paragraphs from the

believe the amount of shock was greatly reduced. Those injured in turrets and isolated compartments were only removed during a lull or after the action. Wounded from the engine-rooms and boiler-rooms were to be transferred to the mess-deck by lifts.

"Nearly all the casualties occurred within the first half hour. A few cases found their way to the foremost station, but the great majority remained on the mess-deck. During the first lull the medical officers emerged from



Transferring the Wounded: Cot and Carrier being passed outboard.

calm, matter-of-fact story of professional experiences in the Battle of Jutland, as written by Fleet-Surgeon Alexander Maclean, D.S.O., M.B., R.N., of H.M.S. *Lion*, in the "Journal of the Royal Naval Medical Service":

"The two distributing stations in H.M.S. *Lion*," wrote Dr. Maclean, "are used principally to shelter the staff, stretcher parties, instruments and medical stores, which are divided as equally as possible between the two. The lower conning tower and switch-board room act as subsidiary stations for a similar purpose.

"During action the mess-deck itself, which is behind armour, received all stretcher cases, who were placed out of the way in bath-rooms or on mess-tables. In this manner, parts of the mess-deck automatically became dressing stations as required. The wounded were not carried any farther than was absolutely necessary from where they fell. By this method of procedure we

their stations to make a tour of inspection. The scenes that greeted us beggar description. Most of the wounded had already been dressed temporarily. Tourniquets had been applied in one or two instances, but hæmorrhage on the whole was less than we anticipated.

"Water gave considerable trouble in some places, but the wounded were warm and dry on the mess-tables. We did not experience the same difficulty from failure of the light as in the Dogger Bank action. Nevertheless, electric lamps and pocket lanterns were invaluable. . . . The battle was thrice renewed during the evening, but in the lulls all the wounded were carried to the mess-deck, and after the action was over the injured were nursed throughout the night, and were kept warm with blankets and hot-water bottles. There was a probability of the action being renewed at dawn, and we considered absolute rest to be essential, so the majority of our

THE QUIVER

patients slept undisturbed, most of them under morphia.

"At 7.30 a.m. on June 1, we were informed that it would be safe to bring the wounded up from below. The vice-admiral's and the captain's cabins were cleaned, dried and thoroughly ventilated. This process took considerable time, since both were full of water and smoke. The captain's bath-room was rigged as an operating theatre, and by 8.45 a.m. we commenced. No difficulty was experienced in carrying the wounded to the deck above, since all were still more or less under the influence of morphia.

"In all, fifty-one cases were dealt with. We were fortunate in steering clear of mishaps, and all were discharged without a further death. We were much helped by two officers who lent a hand in giving several of the anaesthetics. After operation the men were placed on bedding on the decks of the vice-admiral's and captain's quarters.

"Only urgent operations were attempted; as all the patients had already waited a long time speed was essential. Our work was severely handicapped by having 44 per cent. of casualties among the medical officers and Sick Berth staff. . . General burns, invariably due to cordite fires, were very severe.

"Notes on every case were taken at the time in shorthand, including name, age, rating, nature of injuries and treatment adopted. These proved extremely valuable afterwards. Prior to leaving the theatre each patient was labelled, either green, yellow or white, according to the degree of injury, with the above notes.

"We worked continuously till 12.15 a.m. on June 2, when the last case received attention. By this time both our assistants and ourselves—[Dr. Maclean refers here to Surgeon Horace E. R. Stephens, M.B., R.N., his colleague in *H.M.S. Lion*.—A. C. M.]—were pretty well exhausted.

"The cheerfulness and pluck of the wounded were simply magnificent. Content to be alive, they waited to be dressed with a silent patience admired by all. In every case we found that the wounds were far more severe than we had been led to anticipate by the demeanour of the patient."

This story, penned with all the directness of the Navy, gives one the bare outline of a strained day and night of patient suffering

and glorious heroism. Its points are conveyed to us more by the grip of our own imagination, and we unconsciously fill in each hiatus. One can almost see those amputations, the clearing of torn tissue, the treatment of burns by the square yard, and the surgical toilet of the wounds, all performed at sea amid the roll of the ship and with the fumes of battle still hanging over all. It is one thing to perform an operation in gown and mask in the well-lit quietude of a shore hospital theatre, but quite another to ply probe and scalpel in a comparatively small bath-room on the rolling waves, with only an amateur anaesthetist in some cases for hour after hour, through day and night.

From the Action to the Base Hospital

With the Army in the field the first consideration of the medical officers is to evacuate a patient right through the various stages until he reaches a base hospital. Precisely the same desire makes itself apparent in the Royal Navy, and we may well trace the progress of a sufferer step by step in the sister services:

ARMY.

First Line Trench.
Regimental Aid Post.
First Field Dressing Station.
Casualty Clearing Station.
Ambulance Train.
Base Hospital.

ROYAL NAVY.

Ship in Action.
First Aid in Turret, Engine-room, etc.
Medical Distributing Station.
Hospital Ship.
Ambulance Train.
Base Hospital.

We have now seen in this article the phase when our gallant sailors are in action; we have seen the work of the medical distributing stations; in vitally urgent cases operations have been performed, but for each one of these there are perhaps a dozen cases where further surgical treatment can well wait. Still, the next stage is to get the patients ashore with the least amount of handling and movement possible.

In the British Navy there is no such thing as a floating hospital for prolonged treatment of the sick, with exception of ships for in-

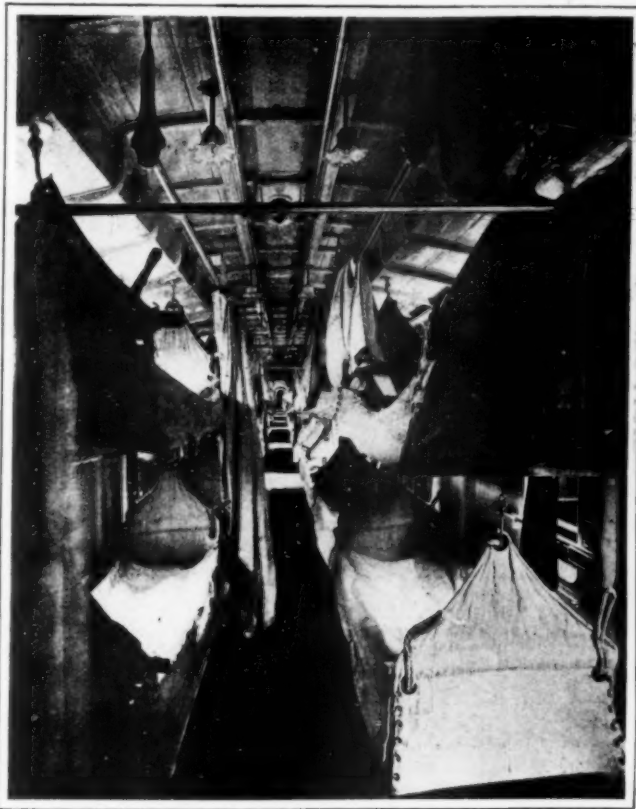
WITH THE CASUALTIES AFLOAT

fectious cases, but the Navy hospital ships are large and commodious and are second to none in equipment and organisation; if necessary, any case can be treated on board these ships from the beginning to the end of illness. These hospital ships wait upon the fighting ships and bring about a speedy transfer of the sick and wounded. In normal times they collect sick and accident cases for the shore hospitals, but in a sea battle there is no provision at present for these vessels. In the first place, no hospital ship, as we know these craft, at present could keep pace with the fighting ships, and the Red Cross of Geneva could hardly expect to escape damage in such a welter and hurricane of shells and death as a modern naval engagement represents. At the same time, it may be mentioned that a suggestion has been made in the Royal Navy for the provision of swift, rescue ships that can remain on the fringe of the action and yet swoop down to save the drowning cases during a lull, or at the termination of the engagement.

The American Navy is even now building a ship that has been planned from the keel upwards to serve as a floating hospital, an experiment that is being watched with great interest.

We have our patients, then, in the medical distributing stations or on the mess-decks. They are being looked after with all the skill and comfort that surgical science can

devise. What happens next is that the ships comprising the fleet that has been in action—and have survived the storm!—make for their nearest base ports or anchorages, and, lying snugly within the sheltered harbour, the hospital ship steams out and the transfer of the wounded begins.



In a Naval Ambulance Train:

Officers' Cot Coach, showing the suspension of the Cots, and the ordinary Cot Coaches beyond.

On board the ship the wounded have lain in their hammock cots, swinging with the motion of the hull, probably with three tiers of cots, one above the other, running through the apartment. Four Sick Berth bearers now appear and lift a patient with his cot, carrying him to the upper deck. Here, resting upon cushioned trestles, is a wooden cot carrier with rollers on its floor,

THE QUIVER

along which the cot is run and the tailboard then fitted in place.

To all intents and purposes the cotted patient is in a lidless box, and from each corner a line runs upwards to meet in a ring. From this ring or swivel a stouter rope passes probably to the jib of a derrick, and at the word the carrier is lifted by the

our Army medical services. In the first place, a soldier patient is invariably received in a stretcher, whilst a sailor is landed in his Sick Berth cot. It should here be stated that from the time a man is wounded in a fighting ship, and placed in a cot until he finds himself in a base hospital, he is never moved out of the cot. He and his cot travel

from ship to base hospital together, through every stage of transport. Thus all suffering which is caused to a patient by constant change of stretcher, etc., is avoided. Empty clean cots are given to the hospital ships by the trains in exchange for full ones, and this exchange takes place at each stage of transport.

Naval Ambulance Train

Naval Ambulance Train No. 3, for instance, consists of twelve corridor coaches belonging to the London and North Western Railway Company, most of them

being merely parcel post vans.

The first van is an ordinary service guard's van, and fitted up as quarters for the crew of the train. Then come two cot coaches, a day coach, a kitchen and store coach.

Following on this are four cot coaches, a kitchen car with dining saloon, a car for medical staff, and, finally, a guard's van for guard and patients' effects. The train itself is 622 ft. over all.

In the kitchen and store coach are lockers for linen, bedding, storerooms for provisions of all kinds, and an office for administrative purposes. The office contains a safe for the storage of patients' valuables.

Two medical officers, a crew of thirty-eight men, and a railway company's cook are carried. Provision is made for two Naval Nursing Sisters to be carried on the train when required, as they do not travel on ordinary routine journeys with the Fleet Sick.



In a Naval Ambulance Train : the Day Coach.

donkey engine, raised to a sufficient height, and then swung outboard, to be afterwards lowered to the deck of the hospital ship, necessarily a low-built vessel, broad in the beam, and not liable to pitch and toss unduly. Or, with the ready quickness of the sailor, the line from the cot carrier may be wound in a bight round a turret gun, and the patient be swung outboard by the traversing of the gun's muzzle.

In either event, the patient is lowered to more cushioned trestles on the hospital ship, from which he and his cot are moved to the wards. Then, when the hospital ship has gathered her complement of wounded, she will be berthed at a quay alongside which the ambulance train is drawn, and her patients will be transferred a stage farther on their journey to the hospital.

And now it will be well to take a peep inside a naval hospital train, which differs in many particulars from those in use by

WITH THE CASUALTIES AFLOAT

The Naval Ambulance trains are all self-contained and independent, so to speak. Everything in the way of feeding patients on the various diets required by them is done *en route*, there being no necessity for the trains to stop at stations, except to pick up gas and water for this purpose.

In the cot coaches the cots themselves are swung from the roof in tiers of two by means of lines. To prevent the cot from buffeting against the sides of the car, fenders have been provided, the cot being maintained in position against them by means of a spring grip which is unhooked from frame of cot when latter is taken out of the train, and there is practically no motion from the patient's point of view. Vast quantities of water are, of course, carried and used on a trip by an ambulance train, and in cold weather the cars are heated by an overhead system of steam pipes. Nothing, in fact, has been left out of the calculations of the authorities, and two padded cells are actually provided on these naval trains for the care of those mental cases inevitable from shell-shock and other causes. Generally speaking, a cot coach holds 36 patients, but in time of emergency as many as 48 can be carried, and, of course, ample provision is made on these trains for the "sitting" cases, i.e. for those patients who are not necessarily confined to cots.

Usually, these hospital trains make regular journeys from south to north, or vice versa, picking up cases at the ports all along the East Coast, and carrying them to base hospitals. Of these hospitals there are many, the four principal ones being at a point on the Firth of Forth, at Chatham, Portsmouth and Plymouth—Haslar Hospital, Portsmouth, being the largest of all. And many of our sailors have in less than twenty-four hours of being in action in the

North Sea, found themselves sleeping peacefully in one of these infirmaries.

Naval Hospital Ships

Apart from the hospital ships which wait upon and act as tenders to the fighting vessels, the Royal Navy has also maintained a most complete service of hospital ships for bringing sick and wounded patients from the Mediterranean and other distant stations. In the majority of cases for the transport of invalids the Royal Navy has provided its own hospital ships, but the naval services have in no way been blended with those of the Army, save that at times many wounded soldiers have been carried by the Navy just as occasional sailors have been carried by the Army. And so far as the hospital ship service between French and British ports is concerned, it has been main-



Living Room of the Staff Coach, Naval Ambulance Train.

tained solely by the military authorities, though in the evacuation of refugees from Belgium the Navy played a wonderful part.

A few words regarding the personnel of the Royal Naval Medical Service would not be out of place. The Director-General is Sir Arthur May, and serving under him are about 1,200 medical officers, nearly half of them with temporary commissions for the duration of the war. In addition, there are

THE QUIVER

almost 400 surgeon probationers, and it is interesting to note that these are drawn from the ranks of medical students who have completed two years' study at the hospitals. The surgeon probationers are appointed to destroyers and smaller craft, upon which the services of a fully-fledged medical man cannot be bestowed, and they serve for a short variable period, afterwards returning to their hospitals for the completion of their

Berth Reserve. It was under the control of an Inspecting Medical Officer appointed by the Admiralty, and consisted of civilians in all parts of the country, but especially in Lancashire and the industrial districts of the North of England, who were banded together under the St. John Ambulance Brigade.

Purely as a spare-time interest they learned first aid and nursing, and when in possession of the necessary certificates were qualified to spend one week of the year either afloat or at a naval hospital for practical training. That there was wisdom in the provision and maintenance of this fine body was well proved when the war burst upon us so suddenly, for the entire force was mobilised at a few hours' notice, and has proved its value and efficiency a thousand times over.

Ready, Ever Ready !

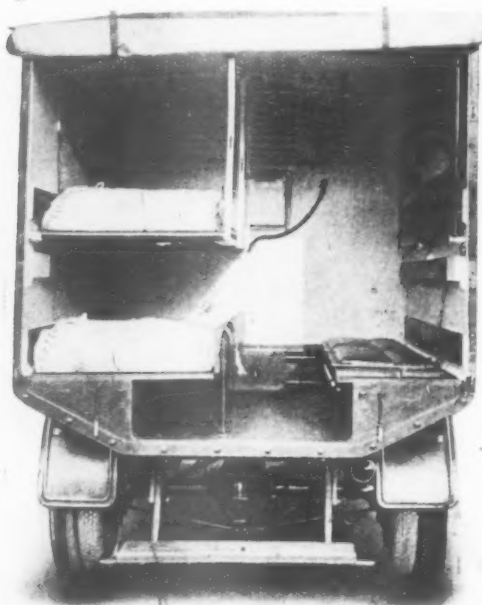
For use on its ambulance trains and in the great naval infirmaries the Royal Navy has also its own Nursing Sisters, of the Queen Alexandra's Naval Nursing Service, and though the women do not go to sea on the fighting units, they are to be found on the hospital ships.

Ready, ever ready, are the surgeons, the sisters and men of the service that sets out to save life, to lessen pain, and to restore to health the fighters of our Navy, and to give some further idea of the work of the surgeon during a sea battle we cannot do better than quote from the personal reminiscences

of Fleet Surgeon Walter K. Hopkins, R.N., of H.M.S. *Fearless*, written regarding the naval action off Heligoland :

"The day was fine and calm," writes the doctor, "while the sun gleamed through a very hazy atmosphere, in which patches of fog shortened up the visual distance from time to time.

"I remained on the upper deck during the earlier part of the affair, and found it a most interesting and inspiring sight to watch our destroyers and the *Arctusa* and her divisions dashing at full speed after the enemy. . . . Shortly our interest was to multiply fourfold when the order to fire our own guns was given. After a time,



Latest Type of Royal Navy Motor Ambulance.

course. By following this plan the flow of young medicos to the profession is not unduly interfered with.

Next, there comes the Royal Naval Sick Berth Service, consisting of long service men who have been highly trained in nursing, ward work, orderly work and similar duties. They may be said to match the permanent R.A.M.C. of the sister service. But just as in war time the nursing service of our Army is augmented from Red Cross and St. John Ambulance Brigades, so in the Navy are civilians called upon, but in a way that has been specially organised.

Prior to the war there existed a civilian service known as the Royal Naval Auxiliary

WITH THE CASUALTIES AFLOAT

shells beginning to drop ominously near, I retired to my station, a selected spot just below water-line in the after bread room, one of the few available places in a ship of this class where some of my party of First Aid men could be accommodated. For knowledge as to how matters were progressing we had to rely upon fragments of information shouted down the nearest hatchway from someone in communication with those on the upper deck.

"The rat-tat-tat, rat, tat, tat, tat! on our side from time to time, as we got into the thick of it, told us plainly of shells pitching short and bursting, whose fragments struck but did not penetrate the ship's skin; it was a weird sound, occasionally varied by a tremendous 'woomp,' which once, at least, made the Paymaster, who was reclining near me on a flour sack, and myself look hard at the side close by us, where we fully expected, for the moment, to see water coming in. As a matter of fact, this shell entered some 40 feet away, bursting an entry into the Lieutenant-Commander's cabin, whilst its solid nose finally fetched up in the ward-room, where, later on, it was christened 'our honorary member.'

"During comparative lulls, I went on to the upper deck once or twice to visit the forward station and to see that all was correct. For suppressed excitement and vivid interest, I should say the seeker after sensation could scarcely ask for more than a modern naval action."

Some Wonderful Operations

Space might be occupied in telling of the wonderful operations that have been performed, of the grafting of pieces of rib into leg bones, of the mending of shattered jaws, and similar incidents, but sufficient has been written to prove that in the matter of naval engagements of our time the sailor's chances are those of death by drowning or of instantaneously fatal wounds rather than of

wounds that make work for the surgeon. In some sea fights the casualties seem ridiculously small when compared to those of an equal number of soldiers fighting in a stiff corner; yet, on the other hand, in some quite minor affairs afloat the fatalities have been appalling. At the same time, naval wounds are not to be compared to trench wounds with the long exposure beforehand, and all the ingrained filth of trench warfare.

Rescue Work under Difficulties

Still, rescue work on the high seas presents some difficulties that are not to be found in a shore hospital or clearing station, and one of these is the bringing to the upper air of men who have been stricken down in the bowels of the ship. For instance, a stoker might be struck by flying fragments right in the stokehold, or desperately scalded by steam escaping from a broken pipe. The only way to get him aloft is by means of a straight iron ladder, and this difficulty is overcome by using the Neil Robertson stretcher, a contrivance of strappings and bamboo rods invented by a naval surgeon, by which means a patient may, in comparative comfort, be hauled up through a manhole.

Then again, that most volatile and useful of anaesthetics, ether, so much used ashore because of its swift evaporation from the system of the patient, cannot be employed in the small cramped quarters of the medical distributing station at sea, partly because of the inevitable naked lights, and partly through deficient ventilation. This means that pure chloroform must usually be used at sea.

Many honours have already been bestowed upon the heroes of our Naval Medical and Sick Berth Service, but that for every honour received a hundred have been earned there can be little doubt, for even the task of preserving the general health of our Navy boys is in itself a gigantic task necessitating a ceaseless vigil.





A CASTLE TO LET

by
Mrs BAILLIE REYNOLDS

CHAPTER XVII

THE CROSS ON THE SUMMIT

"Oh, my poor darling thing!" cried Irmgard vehemently, rushing into Camiola's room. "I am so sorry to hear that you are seedy! Hadn't we better send down a message to Hdestadt for the Herr Doktor Stahlschmidt? He isn't bad, though he is Saxon."

"Why, to tell you the truth, I am heaps better this evening," replied Camiola, sitting up in bed and shaking her mane of hair. "I am going to get up and dress and come downstairs."

"That is good news," was the delighted response. "I must say you don't look as if there was much the matter with you."

"No, of course there isn't; but you know what my headaches are. When they come

on, there is simply nothing for it but solitude and bed."

"Well, Captain von Courland will be pleased. He has been looking so dejected all the way uphill that my heart has bled for him. Oh, Camiola, do you know that everybody speaks so well of him? Old Frau von Arnstein was telling me how highly they think of him in his regiment. Suppose it is really true that he is to turn the luck of the Vajda-Maros!"

Camiola's eye kindled. "Ah!" she sighed, "how interesting it all is! Come in, Marston! As I am in my nightie, you must take the Fräulein to her room, and show her everything. Oh, my dearest, I do hope you will be comfy! I couldn't give you a room quite near mine, but you are next door to Betty, and I think you will get on together. She is so much nicer by

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A CASTLE TO LET

herself than in her own family. So is Nev. I really quite like him, these last few days."

A carmine blush rose in Irmgard's fair face, and for a moment Camiola was at a loss to guess its cause. The girl turned away in a hurry, and asked Marston to show her her room; and as they departed, Camiola leaned back on her pillows with a gay laugh.

"Come back and dress me, Marston. I am going down to dinner," she cried after them. And then, curling up under the bed-clothes she began to play with a new, delightful little idea.

Neville and Irmgard! Who would have thought that such a girl could care for a solemn old stick like Nev? But what a delight, what unexpected happiness to have her best friend married to an Englishman, settled in England! Would General Maldovan approve? Married daughters in England must complicate the issue for the most patriotic of us when war is on the tapis. And Conrad! What would he say? It was really very exciting.

Certainly, when she walked into the oriel drawing-room that evening, in rose-coloured satin, nobody could have thought that anything ailed Miss France.

Otho von Courland turned from his talk with Betty, and came forward with eager welcome in his eyes.

"I am so glad! I was afraid you might not be able to take part in to-morrow's expedition," he cried. "Where is it to be?"

"The summit," replied Arnold Bassett, from his seat beside the fire. He usually felt chilly of an evening, even in this beautiful weather. "But I must own to you that Herr Neumann, when we stopped for tea at the Blaue Vögel, prophesied rain."

"If it rains, it won't matter a bit," announced Camiola. "I have a glittering plan in my head of what we shall do the first really wet day. However, nobody need ask me what it is, because I shall not tell."

They all collected round her, besieging her with questions, Conrad in particular being so urgent that he had to be smothered with sofa pillows, tickled and otherwise maltreated, before he would desist from his importunity. In the midst of the romping the dinner horn was blown, and they all went downstairs.

"Now our party is complete," cried Camiola brightly, smiling round her table.

"How fortunate, as we are eight, that Miss Purdon and I are the same sex; it enables us to sit right, doesn't it?"

"You have recovered very satisfactorily from your headache, young woman," remarked Bassett dryly.

"Headaches simply have to go in this air," she replied. "Isn't it like champagne? It gets into my head."

"Shall you be equal to a four hours' climb to-morrow?"

"Why, of course! I don't mind betting that I am as good a one to go as you yourself," she cried resentfully.

"I have advised Miss Purdon not to attempt it," he went on. "She has an excellent plan. She will set out, escorted by Esler, later in the day, and climb as far as a place rejoicing in the name of Mezo Bolo, where they will have tea ready for us as we come down. Is not that a good idea?"

"Oh, but I don't think we can do without Esler all day," swiftly said Camiola.

"What nonsense, Camiola," put in Neville. "Here are myself, Bassett and von Courland, not to speak of Conrad; and Erwald will be with us. What can you want with a larger retinue?"

Camiola paused. She had been about to say that it was her party, she gave orders and made arrangements; but just as she was going to speak, she caught Esler's eye.

He was waiting upon them as usual, but knowing that he spoke no English nobody troubled to be careful in what they said. Yet, as Camiola met his glance, it was impossible to believe that he had not understood the foregoing conversation. His eyes admonished her as plainly as speech, that she should not attempt to carry her point.

"Oh, well, as you say. I suppose he is not wanted," she said slowly. "It is a very good idea that our tea should be carried up to us. How nice to have Uncle Arnold to arrange all these things so capably! It lessens my responsibilities enormously."

If there was a dry accent in her incisive little voice as she said this, nobody seemed to notice. Bassett accepted the compliment graciously, and Neville breathed freely. He was thinking how dangerous it is at all times for a young, unmarried girl to be in control of her own actions, and backed by abundant means. She is so easily deceived and imposed upon. He had confided to Bassett something of what the Graf had told him of Esler, and they were fully

THE QUIVER

agreed that Camiola had better remain in ignorance unless it should be actually necessary to inform her, but that she should be quietly kept out of the young man's way.

The following day belied the landlord's prophecy. The wind changed, and it was very fine indeed.

The party set out quite early, and made excellent time to the summit, Betty proving a much better pedestrian than could have been hoped.

As Esler was clipping the edge of the bowling green, Camiola managed to get a word with him before the start.

"Esler," said she, a little breathlessly, "did I do right? Did you mean me not to make a point of your coming with us to-day?"

He paused in his occupation, to look up at her in blank surprise.

"Pardon, Fräulein?" he asked, in a puzzled voice.

She felt herself brought up short. "I—I thought," she stammered, "that you heard what we were saying about your coming, at dinner last night."

He shook his head with a melancholy smile. "I speak no English, Fräulein."

The young mistress stood gazing upon him, with a sense of being flung back upon herself. Was this well-behaved servant the same person who had yesterday led her through secret passages, along the brink of precipices, up the sheer side of a rock?

With a little tingling shock she realised that she had been forgetting, in the intense interest of their intercourse, the social gulf which divided them. It had been he who reminded her of it.

She felt furious with him. Turning her back without a word, she marched indoors with her chin in the air. How detestable it was to be as proud as this man! Why could he not simply and gratefully accept the kindness she showed him? Why must he always be stiffening his back, just when you least expected it? Inside in private she stamped her foot.

That morning, for the first time, as they ascended the mountain, she allowed von Courland to begin to cross the barrier between acquaintance and friendship, to talk of intimate things, to claim her sympathy.

Her mind was in a curious ferment; she could not understand her own impulses. But, as a matter of fact, she was swayed by the notion of how good a revenge it would be to marry Otho, become the true, legiti-

mate owner of this castle which stood so coldly aloof, to dismiss Esler, and to continue his researches with all the money at her command, until they were brought to a satisfactory conclusion without his help.

She desired, quite sharply, that Esler should give her a chance to snub him as he had so many times snubbed her. She felt that she would enjoy seeing him completely discomfited.

Meanwhile, von Courland was very interesting, for he could tell them all about the finding of the past traces of the fated party on the spot where they had lunched.

The sky was blue and cloudless as they stood there to-day; the summer breeze blew warm and soft, fanning them after the strenuous ascent.

All about them the mountains lifted their mighty bastions. A few hundred yards farther, and they would see the majestic summit of the Negoi.

Here, among the short, rich grass and the scattered stones, had been found certain bits of cheese-rind, with bread-crumbs and chicken bones; also, under a little cairn, the empty flasks which the light-hearted tourists had done their best to hide tidily away.

A rough stone cross stood upon the spot. Hung round it was a board, upon which was painted an inscription, already considerably weather-beaten. Translated, it ran thus:

"Here, on this place, were found the latest traces of the ill-fated party which left the Kurhaus for the Kufm on the — day of June, 19—, and were never heard of afterwards.

"Requiem aeternam dona eis, Domine!"

There followed the list of names:

"Sarah G. Adams, Sagamore City, Kansas.
Althea Adams, her niece.
Mrs. Euphemia Doane, California.
Mr. Quincy P. Doane, her son.
Herr Hermann Schneider, Leipzig.
Frau Schneider.
Herr Gaspard von Courland, of Orenfels.
Martin Erwald, guide.
Ladislau Hutti, guide."

The Englishmen reverently uncovered their heads as they gazed. Camiola translated the words for the benefit of Neville and Betty. The Thurlows had not realised that Captain von Courland's own brother had been among the lost, and Betty turned

A CASTLE TO LET



"A rough stone cross stood upon the spot."

Drawn by
A. C. Michael.

to him with her blue eyes brimming with tears.

"Oh!" she cried, "I have been laughing and talking and teasing you all the way up, and chattering a lot of silly nonsense, and I never knew, I never thought——"

He was touched and charmed by her sympathy. "I must own," he admitted, "that I had seen but little of my brother, who was very much older than I. His loss, which killed my mother, was not a very real grief to me. I wish, however, that I had been older at the time. I cannot help feeling that more might have been done than was done, in the way of clearing up the mystery."

"What exactly do you mean?" asked Bassett, with interest.

"I mean that the local superstition about a dragon, or some such nonsense, seems to have deprived everybody of their senses, and caused them to assume that these persons met their end in the cave known as the Gaura Draculuj, or Devil's Chasm. That cannot be true: it was shown to be false at the time of the inquiry, because

no trace that they had ever entered the cave was discovered. In fact, there was proof, in the shape of untrodden sand, that they had not done so. Yet, as far as investigation of other places went, very little seems to have been done."

"Erwald," said Camiola abruptly, "was the guide your brother?"

"Yes, gnädigste."

"I never knew your brother was one of the guides," she said, with eager interest. "Do you know whether it was his intention to take the party to the Gaura Draculuj or not?"

"I know that it was not, gnädigste. My brother had some reason, which unluckily he never confided to us, for thinking the Gaura Draculuj unsafe. He was a very careful man. He told me the night before, that the young Herr von Courland was most anxious to show the American ladies the place, but that he did not mean to take them there."

This was the longest speech that Camiola had ever heard Erwald make.

"He might have been overborne?" sug-

THE QUIVER

gested Bassett, who had listened with close attention.

"It is likely, mein Herr; but as the young Herr Captain has just said, there was proof that they did not go."

"Who was the first person after the tragedy to visit the spot in question I mean this Devil's Chasm, or whatever you call it?" inquired the K.C.

"The three people who first went thither were Frau Esler, Michael Esler, her husband, and myself. We went there very early upon the morning of the third day after the disappearance. Search parties had been out on the mountain-side for thirty-six hours, but nobody had been to the cave, because Herr Hoffmann was positive that the party did not mean to go there. The place they meant to visit, if there was time after reaching the Kulm, was the place they call Trollsbücke—the Troll's bridge—above the Trollzähler Falls. It was in that neighbourhood that the most careful search was made, for the rocks are decidedly dangerous. We decided, however, that we would make certain that they had not visited the Gaura Draculuj, so we went in the early morning—*we three together.*

"We took lights with us, although we thought it possible we might find candles there, for the guides at that time used to carry bits of candle in their pockets to light up for visitors, as the place is absolutely pitch dark. Had the party been there, my brother and the other guide would have first gone in, lit the lights, and then called in the visitors. There was no trace of any person having passed into the cave. The sand at the entrance—you must know that you go in through a very low arch—had collected so that there was not room to go in until one had cleared some of it away. Most certainly nobody had been there."

Camiola stood listening, with the mental picture of the place in her brain.

"Did you go in," she asked, "and make quite sure that no candles had been put there?"

"Certainly we did. There were no candles, nor candle-sticks. Nobody had been there."

"How far," asked Bassett suddenly, "is the Trollsbücke from here?"

"About two hours, mein Herr. Mostly downhill."

"Could we go there to-day?"

"Yes, you could go there, but not if you want to meet the Fräulein Purdon at Mezo

Bolo. You would return to the castle by a quite different route."

"What do you think? Shall that be our next excursion?" asked Bassett of the others. "Shall we follow the imaginary footsteps of the perished party, first to the Trollsbücke, and afterwards to the Devil's Chasm?"

"Agreed!" cried everybody. And Camiola set herself to think how she could best keep them from going to that horrible place, until her own curiosity had been satisfied. If Esler were her ally, the thing might be managed; but now that Esler had turned disagreeable, she felt that she wanted no further dealings with him.

There came a thought into her mind. Suppose that she confided all to von Courland? Suppose she were to make a secret appointment with him to visit the cave, and see whether they could stir up the monster? How surprised Esler would be! She quite longed to see his face grow stony and submissive, in the way she had several times seen it, as she calmly announced to him what she had done.

She had a perfect right to do that, or anything else she pleased! She was mistress here.

All the way down to Mezo Bolo the thought strove within her. Should she or should she not take the captain into her confidence? He was most conveniently by her side, and they talked a great deal. If she were to say: "I have been to the Devil's Chasm, and I believe that there really is something there—something alive, something that laughs, something that might one day show itself"—what would he think?

She looked up at his face and wondered whether he was to be trusted. It did not occur to her to reflect that she had not for a moment doubted the trustworthiness of Esler. Without a misgiving she had confided herself to his care.

They got down to the appointed rendezvous in excellent time, and found the young gardener busily occupied in setting out tea things. Marston had been coaxed to come too, and she was presiding over the spirit-kettles in a state of pleasurable flutter.

"Mr. Esler, he does understand how to build a place to keep the draught off the kettles," she remarked with exultation. "There's tea and to spare ready here, however thirsty you may all be. Now, Master Conrad, none of your tricks," she added, with a squeal, as the boy tried to place a

A CASTLE TO LET

little lizard which he carried upon the smooth of her neck.

Camiola flew to the rescue, but Conrad was a prime favourite, and might do as he liked with the maids. The tiff was soon made up, and the lizard made haste to escape from a situation which it disliked infinitely more than Marston did.

"Camiola, you look a bit white," remarked Miss Purdon, her gaze travelling to Miss France from Betty's rose-cheek.

"I believe I am just a wee bit tired," confessed Camiola, unable to mention the fact of her fatiguing expedition of the previous day.

"Ah, you ought not to have got up and come downstairs last night," remarked Mizpah sagely.

"Oh, bosh; I feel perfectly well," protested the girl, "only I want my tea."

She found Esler close to her, with a cushion for her to sit upon and a cup of tea in his hand.

"I don't want any coddling," said she impatiently, throwing the cushion across to Betty. She added in German, "I don't like the look of that tea; it is too strong; take it away." Von Courland was eagerly offering another cup, which she took, hoping from the bottom of her heart that Esler was hurt.

He went silently away, returning almost immediately with the spice cakes that she particularly fancied. These also she refused, and, having done so quite rudely, began to feel better.

Esler and Erwald were having tea with Marston, their backs to the company. Camiola began to tell Mizpah of the pathetic cross and its inscription. The others took up the theme, and the disappearance was eagerly discussed in all its aspects, until it was time to break camp and go home.

In the confusion of the departure Esler came close to Camiola, and said, in an undertone: "I have brought a spare mule. From here you can ride. It would be best for you to ride home."

"What nonsense!" said she petulantly. "I had much rather walk."

He raised his eyes, which he seldom did, and looked very wistful. "If you would, Fräulein," he began hesitatingly.

"Well, I won't!" she snapped. "Don't bother, please."

"No, Fräulein." He turned away, going slowly some distance from where she stood to the place where the mules were tied. He

began, as if unwillingly, to take off the lady's pommel which he had fixed to the saddle. His head was bent, and she was sure his face was red. She felt quite pleased. She had scored this time. She had shown him that she would not be snubbed.

Before they reached home she was conscious of having been very silly. She was really tired, and the way seemed long and dull. Von Courland was talking to Betty; Neville and Irmgard seemed inseparable. Conrad was excited and tiresome, wanting his things held while he dashed after butterflies, and so on. Esler was ahead, leading the despised mule, which everybody was too proud to use. About half-way down, Conrad having run a long way from the path, she seated herself on a stone by the wayside, true to her resolve never to let him go out of sight. She felt a little injured. Surely it was Irmgard's place now to look after the boy; he was her brother. Or Esler—what was Esler for, if not to see that the tiresome child did not stray?

Her feet ached, her heart was heavy; she saw the sunset burn upon the mountain-side, through a mist which veiled her eyes. Then came the sound of gentle hoofs, treading daintily, and she saw Esler coming back with her mule.

All her temper rose once more to the surface. When he was abreast of her, she said:

"I am not sitting here because I am tired, but because I must keep a watch upon the boy."

"If the Fräulein will go on, I will be answerable for the little Herr," said Esler, so gently and so sweet-temperedly that she felt ashamed.

He stood a minute, leaning against the mule's glossy neck, his gaze fixed upon the evolutions of Conrad, dashing to and fro among the alpenrose bushes. He had invited her to go on, but as she thought of rising, she realised how tired her feet were.

Then she heard his voice: "The Fräulein is angry with me," he said most respectfully, "and I do not know why. But I cannot bear her to be too tired, just because she will not give me the privilege of mounting her. I am her servant, and if I have done anything to make her displeased with me, I beg her pardon most humbly."

She felt some triumph, because she had shown her displeasure, and made him

THE QUIVER

CHAPTER XVIII

A PROJECTED ALLIANCE

apologise. Yet, mixed with it was vexation that he should perceive her ill-temper.

"I don't know what you mean," she said impatiently. "What are you talking about?"

To this he made no reply at all, merely raising his eyes and letting his gaze rest upon her. It was as though he were pleading with her not to let peevishness get the upper hand, or as though he begged silently for forgiveness.

"As you have brought back Jacynth, I think perhaps I may as well mount her," she said slowly, rising to her feet. She did not look at him. With dragging feet she went round to the near side of the mule, and stooping, he held his hand for her foot. In a moment she was in the saddle, in a vexed, prickly mood, irritated alike at her own caprice and at her own capitulation.

Esler turned from her, his hand on the bridle, and sent a long, clear whistle across the hillside for Conrad. The boy came at once, leaping among the boulders, his cheeks carmine, his eyes sparkling.

"Why couldn't you come before when I called you?" asked Camiola, quite pettishly.

"I'm so sorry. I didn't know you wanted me, Miola. But Esler said when I heard that whistle, I was always to come that instant, whatever I might be doing."

"And what were you doing?" asked Camiola, as they began to descend the path.

Conrad began to reply at such length that his recital lasted, with a little encouragement from Esler, all the way home. The cool evening breeze fanned Miss France's hot cheeks, and dissipated her annoyance. Jacynth's pace was soothing, and she, like her rider, seemed to think that all was well when Esler's hand was on the rein.

By the time they stopped at the castle gate, Camiola regretted her childish display of ill-temper.

"I'm sorry I was so snappy," she said abruptly to Esler, as he dismounted her.

"I am your servant," he answered very simply, but in a voice which conveyed far more than the bare words. The girl felt a curious heat, a quickening of the pulses, as she went in at the little gate, across the flagged court, to where the others stood grouped about the steps.

"We must be a little more wide-awake," said Bassett, in a low voice to Neville. "You see the young scamp has contrived to bring her home, after all."

CAMIOLA'S fatigue had passed by the next morning. This was the day upon which they were to take their lunch in the watch-tower, by invitation of the old Graf von Orenfels. She came down to breakfast in capital spirits, and found Otho enlivening the company with a vivid description of his aunt and his two maiden cousins. For several past generations the Vajda-Maros had married Hungarians, as there were no Roumanians of their own class for them to marry. The present mistress of the watch-tower was Galician by birth, and only the old Graf could understand the Roumanian tongue. Their life was most isolated, and the ladies of the family had a habit of echoing each other, until sometimes the reiteration grew positively laughable. He gave an example:

"You come into the room, after having been out in a violent storm, and find the three dear ladies at their work as usual. My aunt begins: 'Otho, *lieber Kerl*, I think you have been out in the rain.' Then Cousin Anna, after a little pause: 'Otho, we think you must be very wet.' I assure them that I had on my overcoat and am dry. Then Cousin Linda: 'Otho, it has rained a great deal. Are you wet?'"

This recital was given in German, and some of it needed a little translating, for the benefit of the Thurlows. The conversation at table was wont to be of a curiously mixed description, for Austrians and English alike understood more of the other language than they spoke; and often Otho and Betty conversed, each in their own tongue, with the result that they understood one another fairly well. Sometimes an odd jargon resulted from the fact that the speaker began in the language which was not his own, and supplemented it with words in his native tongue; as Camiola remarked, following the advice given to Alice by the Red Queen: "Speak in French when you can't think of the English for a thing."

It was wonderful how quickly all progressed upon the road of being mutually intelligible, after a few days spent wholly in each other's society. In the atmosphere of Transylvania, with servants who spoke no English, the growing tendency was for the foreigners to assimilate native words.

Miss Purdon was looking a little de-

A CASTLE TO LET

pressed that morning, and upon being rallied, she admitted her curious distaste for the watch-tower, and described the vivid dreams which had visited her when she was staying at the Blaue Vögel.

Otho, listening with interest, remarked that it would be no wonder if that blood-stained old place were haunted. "My ancestors seem to have been a nice lot," he remarked. "Quite lately we came across the remains of one of their charming deeds. They were re-papering one of the bedrooms—or rather cells: they are so small that you can hardly call them rooms—and they found a place where the plaster came off, showing that a doorway had been built up with stones. As they are very short of cupboards, my aunt gave orders to have it opened, and inside they found the skeletons of two children. I don't know who they were. Perhaps old Johanna, my uncle's servant, could tell us. They must have been there for a couple of centuries, judging by the masonry, and we conjectured that they may have something to do with the curse laid on the family. They were both boys, and their ages seem to have been about six and eight years. My uncle had them duly interred in the family vault under the church floor, and we fondly hope that this pious deed may have lifted the curse." He smiled at Camiola, with a sudden, flashing smile, instantly withdrawn, before she had time to be embarrassed.

Conrad burst in, begging to be allowed to see the cupboard where the bones had been found.

"It was funny," said Otho. "My brother Gaspard was put to sleep in that room when he was a little chap, and my aunt says that two or three times he has told her that there were little boys in his room. They thought he alluded to a picture of the Holy Family that hung on the wall; but as he seemed reluctant to sleep there, they moved him to another room. I sleep there myself now, and I have not seen them."

"Captain von Courland," observed Betty, "I don't think I like you. Breakfast-time is not the proper occasion for ghost stories."

"I should have thought it the best," chimed in Bassett. "Time to forget them before bedtime."

"They must come to an end now, however," decided Miss Purdon. "We ought to set out in about half an hour."

In view of this great occasion, the ladies put on their prettiest frocks. Among the

delicate colouring and pale tints, Irmgard's sombre garb stood out conspicuous. Nothing could have been more becoming to her white skin and golden hair than the dead black of her simple voile dress. Her throat rose from the square-cut embroidery of her bodice like a column of rare alabaster. The shade of her wide hat threw up the clustering gold beneath it.

It had been arranged between her father and Miss Purdon that, in spite of her deep mourning, Irmgard should go where the others went and share their pleasures, otherwise things would have been difficult. This, according to the ideas of the local society, was anything but *comme il faut*. But then, everybody knows that the English are mad, and have no regard for propriety. In view of such eccentricity, much must be pardoned; and the few officers' wives having been present at the Frau Maldovan's funeral, and having marked Camiola's real grief and suitably black attire, were willing, seeing that she was so fabulously rich, to make allowances for social ignorance.

The regiment comprised the entire society within visiting distance of Ildstadt. These had all been invited to coffee that afternoon at the watch-tower to meet the Engländerin. It would be something of an ordeal, Camiola felt. She had an uneasy foreboding, as though it were an invitation which would leave her a member of Ildstadt society in a manner she had by no means intended.

She felt a little nervous, a little uncertain of herself, as Erwald mounted her upon her beautiful Jacynth. He had put clean holland covers upon the ladies' saddles, so as not to soil their pretty frocks. She looked for Esler, who usually mounted and dismounted her, but he was nowhere about. The trifling fact helped to send her off with the least, vaguest feeling of dissatisfaction.

The gentlemen were all on foot, and during the descent they went on ahead; but at the Kurhaus they waited, and Otho placed himself beside her. He looked very handsome and upright, an oddly charming figure in his mountain costume; but she contemplated him with something of the feeling with which a butterfly may view him who approaches with a net.

He pleased her more than any man she had met so far; certainly more than any man who had expressed a desire to marry her. The fact that he was heir of Oren-

THE QUIVER

fels added greatly to his attraction in her eyes. She thought it vaguely possible that it might end so. Yet it all seemed hurried and unreal. She was not ready for marriage; she did not mean to bind herself. She demanded more time to live, to realise herself, to ascertain what kind of man it was that she really wanted to have for a husband. She was anxious not to give definite encouragement, and inclined to doubt the wisdom of this visit; yet she told herself that it was ridiculous to be apprehensive on this score. Nobody could be foolish enough to think that, because you came to lunch with your landlord, you were, so to speak, making a public announcement of your willingness to accept the addresses of his nephew!

Yet conscience was whispering to her that there was a difference between this day and two days back. Yesterday, upon the way to the summit, she had permitted Otho to make a forward move. She knew it, and he knew it. Nothing definite had been said, but their relation had subtly changed. This made her uncomfortable; and as they walked on, she was realising that, having once yielded an outpost, she must expect the enemy to have advanced so much nearer the citadel.

As Bassett walked beside Miss Purdon's mule, he was observing the two in front.

"Was it judicious?" he asked suddenly, "for Camiola to start a footing of intimacy with these people? What made her do it?"

"You have misgivings? So have I," returned the lady. "But the thing was inevitable from the first moment that young von Courland saw her. Of course, we had no previous idea of his existence, when she decided to take this place. We went across the market square to interview the old Graf, and this young fellow suddenly marched in. Then an awkward thing happened. Camiola was very anxious to get possession at once of the castle, because I own that I was not comfortable at the inn at Hdestadt. It was on my account that she was so eager. She decided to go up and make final arrangements early the following morning. I had been sleeping so badly that I really was not equal to the exertion, and the old Graf volunteered to go with his nephew. Of course, it ended in his letting them go alone, and the whole town has been gossiping ever since."

"It almost looks as if we were expressly

sanctioning the idea of an alliance—this arriving in state," he remarked, with a twinkling eye. "But I shouldn't think Camiola means anything serious, does she?"

"One would not suppose so. He has not a farthing in the world, and he is not of her own faith."

"By her behaviour on Sunday she was leading him on to suppose that she is ready to join the orthodox Church on the smallest provocation."

Mizpah smiled. "If they think so, they little know their Camiola."

"I suppose," mused Bassett, "that she might conceivably do worse. He is of good birth, will have a title, and owns a castle in one of the most beautiful spots in Europe."

"But she might do much better."

"Well, I don't see how we are to help it," he concluded, after meditation. "I own that I like the fellow. He is a gentleman. But if she won't, there will not be much harm done. She will be leaving the place in a few weeks' time, and his heart will mend fast enough, for I don't suppose he would be hopelessly smitten if it were not for her gilded halo. It must count, even with the most disinterested of men."

All Hdestadt was indeed agog as they rode in. Most people were standing in their doorways, or in the street, and their remarks were approving, though fortunately not loud.

"In spite of being an Engländerin, I do not call her so ugly."

"Ach nein, she is not amiss, and will be better when she learns to forsake English oddities, and dress like a Transylvanian maiden."

"He will soon teach her that. So handsome a fellow will have his own way in all things."

"Doubtless. Do you remember, we used to think it might be the little Maldovan?"

"She is a pretty girl, and will have a dot. But what is that beside the Englishwoman's thousands?"

"Which now is the heiress? The dark one, or the little love in pale blue?"

"Why, she beside whom our Otho is walking is the heiress—the dark one!"

"Ach so! I wish it were the little fair one; she is an ideal bride, like the princess in a fairy tale."

"He seems to have no eyes but for the Fräulein France, however. See how he



• He came forward with hand
outstretched in welcome"—p. 582.

Drawn by
A. G. Michael.

THE QUIVER

courts her! Lucky girl! But for me she is too thin, and her face is all eyes. I like dimples and rosy cheeks."

So the babble went on. Though its import did not reach her ears, Camiola knew they spoke of her. She wished that Otho were not marching in this "conquering-hero" style beside her saddle. In fact, she suggested that he might go and ask Betsy if she were tired. He seemed not to hear, however; he was so absorbed in pointing out to her exactly how far his ancestral lands had formerly extended along the Identhal.

Marie Vorst stood in the market square, and dropped a deep curtsy to the young Herr as he approached. Her keen eyes searched the cortège as it filed past, and as she remarked that young Esler was not there, a smile of satisfaction curved her lips.

"Then the Herr General did find time before his departure to drop a hint," she inly reflected. "I have put a spoke in his wheel. A young upstart! Thinks himself too good for my Lise, does he? Thinks he can go about with his mouth shut, and that nobody can find out anything about the things he wants to keep dark? He will find that it is not so good a thing to make an enemy of Marie Vorst! Why, my girl could marry anybody. She will have a dot, too; and he is just the old Graf's gardener, at twelve marks a week. A nice cock to think he can crow over all the girls in Iddestadt!"

By this time they had crossed the market square, and approached the little postern door of the tower.

It stood open to-day, and the old Graf himself was just within. He came forward with hand outstretched in welcome, and made a long speech which, owing to his toothless condition, was difficult for foreigners to follow, but which, as far as Camiola could grasp it, seemed to contain no embarrassing allusions.

He greeted each lady elaborately as she was dismounted, and then, bidding Otho follow with the Fräulein France, he gave his shaking arm to Miss Purdon, and led her up the winding stair, their progress being so slow that the younger and more frivolous members of the party behind were in agonies of stifled laughter.

In the curious room into which the two ladies had been ushered upon their previous visit, there sat in state three antique survivals of the local aristocracy of an earlier period. These were the wife and

the two daughters of the Graf von Orenfels, but they all looked exactly the same age, and seemed all to have reached precisely the same stage of decay. All three wore little caps of lace and ribbon upon their sparse and faded hair, each had a large lace collar and a vast gold brooch like a poached egg. Miss Purdon, seeking for some point of differentiation, observed that one lady wore mittens, and hoped that this might be the mistress of the house, in which shrewd conjecture she was fortunately right.

The old Graf presented her in due form, and then, turning to Camiola, led her forward, and expressed the hope that the friendship, so auspiciously begun, might continue unbroken for many years.

This was a hope which one could echo without feeling too self-conscious; and when the whole party had been received, with three precisely similar salutations, the tenant of the castle sat down, and tried to tell her hostess how pleased she was with her beautiful summer house.

The old lady was not expansive. She remarked, drawing a little shawl more closely around her narrow shoulders—her shoulders were the only part of her that was narrow—that for her part she had found the Schloss draughty and inconvenient, and, besides, so *schrecklich entfernt*. She had been thankful to come down into the town, where one could at least see a little life.

Camiola sympathised. She owned that she herself could not face the idea of living always in so remote a spot; but for one summer it was ideal.

All three of them surveyed her as if she were a phenomenon they could not understand. Then one asked, with a faint flutter of interest, whether she found Frau Esler satisfactory. Her reply to this was prompt and warm. Frau Esler was a wonder. She kept the maids in order, cooked well, and gave no trouble.

Arnold Bassett, as in duty bound, was making gallant efforts to draw one of the daughters into conversation. He found it practically impossible, because she was listening, absorbed, to Camiola's account of Frau Esler.

"And the young man! They say he is none too steady," went on the elder sister, craning her scraggy neck towards Camiola. "But, however, he is in the garden, so you will not have much to do with him. My father thought it would be all right."

A CASTLE TO LET

"Do you mean Eric Esler?" asked Camiola in astonishment.

Three old heads nodded in unison, and three voices reiterated "Ja, ja, ja," till Conrad had to turn away to the window, with shoulders shaking.

"We find him most helpful and obliging," said Miss France, in wonder. "Do you say he is not steady? I should have thought him a most respectable, quiet young fellow."

"Ach ja! Our father said it would be so. He said he will not show off his airs and graces to the *Herrschaften*. He knows which side his bread is buttered."

This remark struck Camiola as being so conspicuously unjust, judging the young gardener by her own experience, that she merely smiled.

Bassett, having abandoned his attempt to ingratiate the ladies of the house, had gone to one of the window embrasures, and was talking with the old Graf.

"May I ask if you, sir, are the guardian of the so amiable Fräulein France?" asked the old gentleman.

The K.C., glad of this opportunity, proceeded to explain that the Fräulein was quite exempt from all tutelage, and that he had laid down his command when she was twenty-one.

"To whom, then, should one apply in any matter which concerned—which concerned negotiations of too delicate a nature to make it practicable to discuss them with a young maiden? To the excellent Fräulein Purdon, perhaps?"

Bassett explained Miss Purdon's position, and the old Graf was a little worried. "So also Otho told me," he said, in a vexed way. "He said she was only a *dame de compagnie*, and that it was not fitting that I should lead her upstairs. He said I should have taken the Fräulein, who is mistress of all. Now I have made a mistake, and perhaps I have done great harm. Do you think that Meess France will take offence, because I give first place to the *dame de compagnie*?"

Bassett spoke on this point with brief but firm emphasis. The Graf had done right, and exactly what Camiola would have wished.

"But I must go change the places at table," fussed the little Graf, his hair seeming to stand more erect than ever.

"Nothing of the kind, Graf. Miss Purdon is a gentlewoman, and always takes

her place in Miss France's household as such. To slight her would be a sure way to offend the young lady."

"I would not do so on any account. But if such is the case, what is to be done? One cannot approach a young lady direct on so delicate a subject as her own marriage?"

"Well, Graf, you may have heard that in England we are so peculiar as to think that a young lady's marriage concerns herself more than anybody else. We actually hold that a girl who is of an age to be married, is of an age to consider the question."

The Graf looked horrified. "Do you mean that I could address the young Meess France, and say: I wish to confer with you on the subject of your marriage with my nephew?"

"Oh, no; I do not mean that. You are going rather fast, Graf, for my English ideas. Are you sure that Captain von Courland desires to marry my late ward? If you are, you must leave it to him to do the arranging. It may sound nonsense to you, but it is the simple fact, that Miss France will give her hand to the man she prefers, and that she will expect that man to ask her for it himself."

It was a situation which left the Graf so astounded that he had really nothing to reply. Bassett, however, improved the occasion. He told him that in England it was considered very bad form to seem to notice anything beforehand in a situation of this kind. He warned him that if any reference were made at table or in drinking toasts to the chance of any such thing, Camiola would most probably take offence, and nip the affair in the bud. In England the relations and onlookers always affected to see nothing and know nothing. By the way in which the Graf listened to what he had to say, and the swiftness with which he subsequently went up to his wife and spoke privately to her, Bassett concluded that he had reason to thank his stars for the chance he had been given to warn the poor old gentleman. He felt sure that some allusion to the idea of a match had been contemplated. He dared not think what Camiola might have done under the circumstances.

What she was trying to do at the present moment was to avoid catching the eye either of Otho or Conrad. The conversation she had so arduously kept up with the three ladies had languished, and she was

THE QUIVER

wondering what she could possibly say next, when the Gräfin remarked softly:

"You have a charming party of young people, Fräulein."

Camiola said that she thought it most kind of the Gräfin to entertain such a formidable number.

"But they are such a charming party," cooed Cousin Linda.

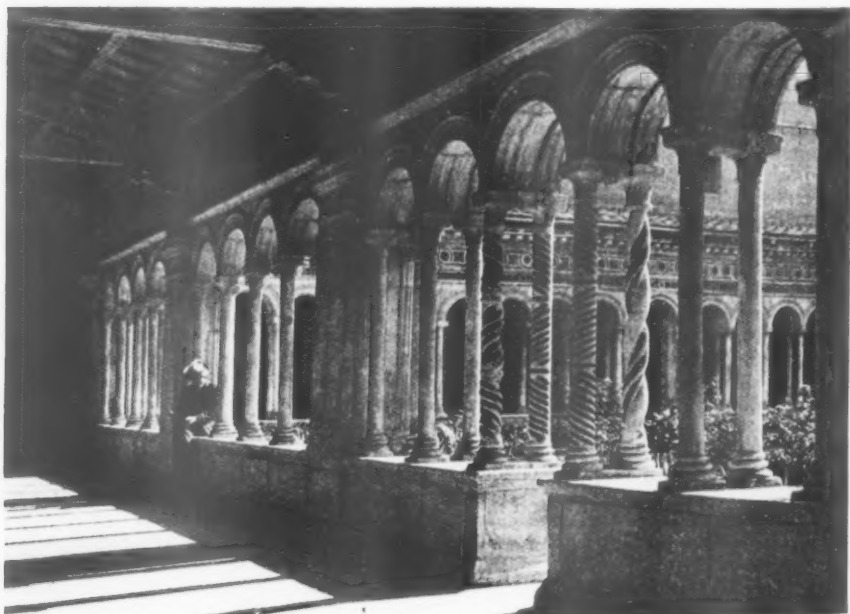
"All such attractive young people," concluded Cousin Anna.

The faithfulness of their cousin's imitation that morning caused Camiola to be nearer the point of losing her manners altogether, and laughing aloud, than she had ever been in her life. The situation was saved only by the appearance of the head waiter from the Blaue Vögel, who drew back a curtain, set open a narrow door, and announced that dinner was served.

The room in which they dined was exactly the same size and shape as that in which they had been received. It was close quarters, and of course neither of the small, deeply splayed windows was open. Looking back upon that meal later on, Camiola sometimes wondered that they had all escaped asphyxiation.

They were called upon to eat hot soup, venison, cranberries, roast ducks, and other viands of an equally substantial description. It was no wonder that, having fed to repletion, the three old ladies should obviously desire a nap. The rest of the party hailed with joy the suggestion of Otho that they should go and have cigarettes and sweetmeats in the guard-house, and summon old Johanna, the family retainer, to tell them "bogey stories."

[END OF CHAPTER XVIII]



Cloisters
of Peace.

Photo:
D. McLeish.

A Splendid View of the Medieval Cloisters of the Church of St. Paul, Rome. Next to St. Peter's, this is the most magnificent building in Rome.

CAN MAN ABOLISH WAR?

An Essay in Construction

By HAROLD BEGBIE

This important series of articles outlines Mr. Begbie's proposals for dealing with the greatest and most terrible problem facing civilisation.

I.—THE WARNING OF ADMIRAL MAHAN

... or wilt thou thyself
Abolish thy creation, and unmake
... what for thy glory thou hast made?
Paradise Lost.

ALL those social virtues, all those noble qualities of human character, which manifest themselves in a nation under the scourge of War, are not the fruits of War. They are the witnesses to an immediate and natural reaction of the human spirit against War. The fruits of War are massacre and murder, wounding and death, destruction and ruin, mourning and lamentation, rapine and rape, desolation and despair, hatred and the legacies of hate. Those things which quicken the beatings of our hearts, which pulse through the national life in waves of strengthening enthusiasm, namely, the valour of the soldier, the devotion of doctor and nurse, the self-sacrifice of the whole people, and the stoic silence of the mourner, these things are but the manifestation of a spiritual reaction against War. War is Satan let loose upon the earth. All the splendour that we associate with War is humanity's instinctive reaction against Satanism.

To those who Know, War is Hell

If there be any man left in Europe who still cherishes the tradition of Treitschke, or who still finds a more wholesome manhood in Nietzsche than in Christ, let us be sure of this, that he is far from "the bath of blood"—and far beyond the utmost range of the guns. To those who make War, whose bodies are shaken by the shuddering thunder of the shells, whose bayonets are red with human blood, whose eyes have seen the blanching terror of a crouching enemy, whose days are spent in earth burrows, whose nostrils are filled with foulness, and whose hearts are

heavy with home longings, War is hell. And to those millions who mourn, to these also War is hell.

This contention needs not to be argued. But that which comes from it—namely, the urgency of our question, *Can Man Abolish War?*—this needs to be pressed upon the attention of reasonable men. For in no hour, except the dreadful hour of War, can it be asked with hopefulness. In times of Peace men are so set upon their own affairs that they will not listen to the idle idealist, and nations are so consumed with the politics of the State that they shove out of their way the man who would interrupt them with the politics of the world at large; and as for governments, they are so convinced of the continuity of their perilous diplomacy that they regard only with amusement the idealising layman who presumes to trespass on their everlasting ground.

When Death is Upon Us

But in times of War there is a different mood. Death suddenly springs into the homes of men, seizing the well-beloved and dragging him through torture to the grave; panic, sweeping all the ancient freedoms aside, as suddenly presides over the discussions of senate and forum; and blood is splashed on every trembling parchment of the diplomatists. Horrible beyond the reach of language is War—in times of War.

Can man abolish this Fury who devastates the world, who slays youth by the million, and who fills the homes of men with unutterable agony? We are not now thinking of War as an abstract idea, as a far-off contingency, as something of which in times of peace heroic men sing manful songs and coward men twitter their shivering fears. We are thinking of this actual War, this War

THE QUIVER

that has killed our son, blinded our brother, crippled our friend, and maddened our neighbour, this beastly War that stinks under heaven like some colossal fungus rotting in a wood that Nature made for poets and lovers, this ruinous War that has destroyed the accumulated centuries-old wealth of Europe in a few months, this malignant War which has made men hate each other with such an acrid bitterness as has destroyed even the chivalry and ceremonial of the battlefield, this War which has dragged delicate women, defenceless children, and poor, decrepit old age into its steel net of blood and death—*this* War, can it be abolished so that never again will it destroy a peasant's cottage or break the heart of a mother?

Let us make no mistake of the urgency of this question. It is *now*, in the hour of death, that we must make answer. Let us wait till "Peace" returns, and it is like to be only that false Peace which brought this very War to our hearts. But now, while the precious blood of youth is still draining into the cesspits of death, *now* if we ask ourselves this question, then such a Peace may we make as shall outwinter all the journeys of the earth. But we must ask with an agony of the heart, a determination of the mind, and a longing of the soul, as if we were drowning men to whom a rope has been thrown out of the darkness that engulfs us.

A Swift Answer

The answer I make to this question, Can Man Abolish War? is a swift, an unhesitating, but not, I hope, an immodest affirmative—not immodest, because my answer is a tribute to the good sense of humanity, and does not run before any remedy that I think I have discovered for the securing of Peace.

Yes, man can abolish War, as he has abolished the duel, smallpox, slavery, feudalism, ecclesiastical tyranny, the rack, the thumbscrew, and many other ills which afflicted him in years gone by, and which he bore with patience, taking them for dispensations of nature, till they came something too violently for his patience. Man is by nature conservative; it is only his sufferings which drive him into reformation. Easeful bondage, for many, is better loved than Milton's strenuous liberty; and not until "God shakes a kingdom with strong and

healthful commotions" does truth become a passion to mankind. Such a shaking, God knows, is the whole world enduring now, and in this strong and healthful commotion there must be many in all lands—"men of rare abilities, and more than common industry, not only to look back and revise what hath been taught heretofore, but to gain further and go on some new enlightened steps in the discovery of truth"—many such men in all lands who are now saying, War shall be no more.

What about Bloch and Angell?

But, you will reply to me, How can such men entertain a purpose so impossible when a War is yet raging which has blown, with the lives of youth and the happiness of parents, all the fine theories of idealists into the vast derisive silence of the universe? What, you will exclaim, are you proposing to speak to us of Grotius and Kant, Franklin and Channing, Bloch and Angell at a time when every word they uttered is being ground under the wheels of War's chariot into blood and nonsense? Neither the horrors of modern warfare nor the grabbing hands of the international financier have had strength to stay those terrible wheels, Liquid fire and smothering gas have been loosed, gigantic shells have exploded in the streets of peaceful cities, bombs have been dropped out of the dark skies upon the cradles of sleeping children, torpedoes have torn open the steel plates of ships painted with the Red Cross, all these things are now shocking the soul of humanity; and with these direful things, starvation begins to stalk through Europe, and money is manufactured inexhaustibly by the printing press, money which vanishes in smoke and death as fast as it is printed, money which men will have to labour for many centuries to make current coin, but still the War goes on—how, then, can you speak of the abolition of War? Tell us, in one word, what it is you seek to say.

All this is true. Neither the horrors of War nor the financial exhaustion of War have power to end War. Pacifism is learning in the midst of this universal ruin the lesson taught by Mahan: "So far as the advocacy of Peace rests upon material motives like economy and prosperity, it is the service of Mammon, and the bottom of the platform will drop out when Mammon thinks that

CAN MAN ABOLISH WAR ?

War will pay better." Peace does not belong to Mammon. It belongs to God. And the condition of Peace is Good Will.

Here, then, is my answer in one word. It is the word *will*. Can Man Abolish War ? Yes. *Will* Man Abolish War ? And again I say, Yes. But in this case, a condition must be added. Yes, man will abolish War when he realises with Grotius that he *is* Man—"a creature most dear to God."

To encourage you to have faith and hope in this matter let me speak at the beginning of something which is a greater bar to faith and hope than all the vanished theories of the Pacifists. I mean that dreadful spirit of hatred which is now abroad in the world. Men cannot think that Peace is possible because their hearts are so full of hate. The German, believing that England encircled his country and set France and Russia upon him, who sees his women and children suffering deprivations because of England's sea policy, hates the Englishman with a passion which looks as if it must be eternal. And the Englishman, thinking of German atrocities in Belgium and France, rehearsing to himself the deadly philosophy of Treitschke, and hearing every day of ships sunk without warning in the midst of the sea, feels in his heart such a bitterness of hatred towards the German as he swears shall never so long as he lives give place to forgiveness.

The First Condition of Peace

How can we hope for Peace if such is the condition of feeling between England and Germany ? We must, I think, begin by warning ourselves against "the shortness of hought" which Bishop Butler saw to be a main danger in forming rational opinions. We must encourage ourselves to take an historical view of this great matter. For example, do we realise that our present alliance with France would have been unthinkable to Nelson ? There is not a man in England who does not now love France,

who does not thrill at the thought of her valour, who does not bow in reverence before the patience of her long-suffering, and who does not feel that France is England's natural comrade and eternal friend. But to Nelson, France was the most hated enemy of this same England, nay, the most hideous enemy of human civilisation.

"There are three things, young gentleman," said Nelson to one of his midshipmen, "which you are constantly to bear in mind. First, you must always implicitly obey orders, without attempting to form any opinion of your own respecting their propriety. Secondly, you must consider every man your enemy who speaks ill of your King; and, thirdly, you must hate a Frenchman as you do the devil." And again, "Down, down with the French! is my constant prayer." And again, "Down, down with the French! ought to be written in the council-room of every country in

the world; and may Almighty God give right thoughts to every sovereign, is my constant prayer." And when our Minister at Naples proposed to send a confidential Frenchman to him with information, he made answer: "I should be very happy to receive authentic intelligence of the destination of the French squadron, their route, and time of sailing. Anything short of this is useless; and I assure your Excellency that I could not, upon any consideration, have a Frenchman in the fleet, except as a prisoner. I put no confidence in them . . . I believe they are all alike . . . not a Frenchman comes here. Forgive me, but my mother hated the French."

And in like manner the French hated the English.

What the *Daily Mail* said

If you say that all this is more than a hundred years ago, let me remind you that less than twenty years ago there was a hatred between the two nations almost as strong and certainly as virulent. Mr. Joseph



Mr. Harold Begbie.

Photo:
J. Russell & Sons.

THE QUIVER

Chamberlain advocated an alliance with Germany against France, Mr. Cecil Rhodes was for friendship with Germany for a like reason, and a newspaper of such popularity as the *Daily Mail* urged that France should be fought, that her colonies should be taken from her, and that those colonies should be given to Germany. In one of his lectures delivered in America ("The Dangers of Half-Preparedness") Mr. Norman Angell said :

It is a favourite thesis with the "trust every thing to force school" just now, that if only England had taken Lord Roberts's advice and adopted conscription twenty years ago (when the advocacy of that measure first became active in England), all would have been well. There would have been no war, we are told. Well, do you know the purpose for which conscription was advocated in England about twenty years ago? For the purpose of fighting France!

Need I remind you further that not many years ago Russia was an enemy, and the unspeakable Turk a friend, that our word, jingo, had its origin in hatred of Russia, and that Palmerston declared the real object of the Crimean War to have been the protection of "German civilisation against Russian barbarism"?

There can be no Peace based on Hatred

This present hatred between Germany and England will pass. It belongs to a generation; it is born of a period that will retire. I confess that it is a deep and terrible hatred, that it looks lasting, and that it has a spiritual quality not very discernible in the past hatreds of European countries. But I am convinced it will pass, as these other hatreds have passed. We Englishmen shall see that what we hate is not the German peasant or the German child at its mother's breast, but a system of government which is called Prussianism. If someone had brought to Nelson a French child or an old gracious French priest, he would not have exploded with anger; he would have known that his hatred was for Napoleonism, not for the French people. Do we not feel it to be irrational that the Irish Irreconcilable should visit upon *our* heads the sins committed against his ancestors by Cromwell's soldiery? And as we have repented for those terrible sins, and the far later sins of our forefathers against the starving peasantry of Ireland, so we may hope that there are those in Germany who will repent of the crimes committed by the Prussian

Government, and who will come, as the French have come to see in their views of Napoleonism, that England is fighting their battles as well as the battles of Belgium and France.

I speak with particular emphasis on this score, because my whole argument turns upon Good Will, and where anger is, and hatred, and bitterness, Good Will is impossible. If you think that the present hatred which sunders England and Germany is of a lasting kind, then put out of your head all thought of Peace, and prepare your back for such a load of armaments as will presently crush you to the earth. For you cannot impose Peace, you cannot make Peace as you make War, you cannot force Peace down the throat of an enemy. Peace is a state of the soul, not a condition of the political world. There has never been Peace in the world only because it has not been recognised as a state of the soul. From the greatest writer on sea-power, and not from any Pacifist, comes the wisest word ever uttered on this subject: "So far as the advocacy of Peace rests upon material motives like economy and prosperity, it is the service of Mammon." The service of Mammon! But Peace belongs to God, and to serve both God and Mammon is impossible. Why, then, dream of any mechanic means for securing Peace, when your hearts are filled with hatred and you are longing with all your souls to destroy your enemy? Can Man Abolish War? Nay, but War can abolish Man! Man is a creature most dear to God, but if Man make himself a child of the devil, then assuredly will the devil destroy him.

Look the Matter Full in the Face

I beg you to look this matter full in the face. We shall discuss presently the best political means for securing the Peace of the world, but our discussions will come to naught, like "the exploit of that gallant man who thought to pound up the crows by shutting his park gate," if we do not rigorously hold fast to the fact of man's spiritual nature. There is nothing can bind Satan but the power of God. You may devise another Holy Alliance, you may have such a League of Nations as before was never known, you may set up an International Court, with just judges and a military force behind it to execute its decrees, but you will

CAN MAN ABOLISH WAR?

never have Peace unless there exists between all the nations of the earth the saving spirit of Good Will. There is a sacred connection between these two things, and it is well worthy of reflection that a new era in the history of humanity was ushered in by these very words, Peace and Good Will. That era had for its master-word the word of Love, but before He, who was destined to breathe that mystic word, had breathed word of any kind, it is said that angels of God sang to the sleeping earth of Peace and Good Will.

The time draws near the birth of Christ :

The moon is hid : the night is still :

The Christmas bells from hill to hill
Answer each other in the mist.

Peace and goodwill, goodwill and peace,
Peace and goodwill, to all mankind.

Yes, but this same poet, when Bright and Cobden protested against a war which all Englishmen now condemn, was so little mindful of the holiness of Peace, so little aware of the connection between Good Will and Peace, that he rapped out a bitter poem with the inglorious taunt, "We are not cotton-spinners all!" It is most easy for the very elect to deceive themselves.

Do We Really Desire Peace?

War is a great realist. Let us be equally real at this blood-drenched turning-point in the history of the world. When we use the word "Peace" let us be sure that we mean Peace, and when we speak of "Good Will" let us try to understand what the term signifies. Do we, earnestly and truly, desire Peace? That is to say, not a truce to present hostilities, not an end to these contemporary massacres and mutilations, but the Peace of God; do we, earnestly and truly, desire this Peace upon earth? It means that we must cast out of our hearts much selfishness, out of our minds much egotism, out of our souls much hatred and bitterness. It means that we must do unto others as we would they should do unto us, that we must love our enemies.

But before you say, "This is impossible: this is a millennial dream," reflect upon that which is a prosaic fact touching your life at every point and threatening with foulest murder the life of your children. War *must* be ended. If War is not destroyed, civilisation will be destroyed. You cannot contemplate any such end to the present carnage as marked the end of the Napoleonic Wars or the Franco-Prussian War of 1870. You dare

not think of an embittered Europe, staggering on the edge of bankruptcy with the armaments of revenge on its back. You dare not think of the temptation presented to Asia by such a mad and ruined Europe. You *must* see that our only hope of salvation in this War lies in making it the end of War. You must perceive, surely, that the taxed democracies of Europe will not have strength enough to support in greater weight than ever the old burden of armaments with which statecraft has hitherto loaded them. It is not now an academic question which militarist and pacifist may debate for ever, but a matter of life and death, which does not tarry for an answer. As we decide this question, so will be the future of Europe, a future either of Peace or Destruction.

Idealism, then, is forced upon you. Do not fear it, do not dismiss it. With the knowledge in your heart that materialism has failed you, that your trust in materialism has brought you into this place of massacre and mutilation, have the courage, have the honesty, have the willingness to examine Idealism. It may be that only in Idealism is there safety for mankind, and that Idealism is more closely related to practical politics than politicians and journalists have yet discerned. In any case, it cannot damage our understandings to inquire of Idealism what it has to teach us in this great concernment of human life. I think it is the only way to Peace, as it is the only way to God. And I think, too, that while nothing is so dangerous and unpractical as materialism, nothing is so eminently sane and practical as Idealism.

International Arbitration?

International arbitration has been tried. It has succeeded whenever Good Will came to the tribunal on both sides, as in our disputes with America, but it has failed whenever national dignity and national jealousy presented its case. Something stronger (men are now saying) is wanted than a Hague Tribunal. I reply, Something even weaker than the Hague Tribunal might suffice if you had Good Will among men. And when you say to me, How are we to get this Good Will? I make answer, By faith.

These articles which follow will endeavour to show how it is possible to make Good Will a force in international politics, and how Good Will itself can bring into existence an

THE QUIVER

organisation which shall secure to the world its real, lasting, and natural Peace. (War is of Satan, and so is unnatural; no species save Man preys upon itself.) But liberty is strenuous. We must not faintly trust the larger hope. We must have the courage, the resolution, and the fighting strength of Milton. For to gain such a Peace as that of which I write there must needs come a revolution in the human mind.

Do not let us imagine, because we have almost the whole world on our side against Prussianism, that therefore we, the Allies, after our necessary vindication of the public law of Europe, can dictate any semblance of Peace which shall abolish War from the earth.

All history—since the last Congress in Vienna in 1815 and that of the hundred years which preceded it, and which preceded the previous great European treaty—shows that when you have managed to form a group of nations for the protection of some great human need, they begin to break apart, to harbour illusions connected with the desirability of stealing each other's territory; or to quarrel over something of that sort. We are likely to repeat that history unless we take care. Are we going to take care? ("The Dangers of Half-Preparedness.")

A Truce is not Peace

Materialism will pursue us and overthrow us again, if we persist in our worship of Mammon. Peace has no more to do with materialistic politics than purity or reverence or love. It is because men have so regarded it that the world has never yet known Peace. Let us assure ourselves of that. There have been truces on the earth, cessations of carnage, suspensions of massacres, an armistice between slaughter and slaughter; but there has never been Peace on earth. War has always been standing at the anvil of preparation, biding his chance to strike. This is not Peace on earth. It is what the politician, or even the historian, may call Peace, but God would call it by another name.

"So far as the advocacy of Peace rests upon material motives like economy and prosperity"—have Kings and statesmen ever sought it for any other motives than these?

—"it is the service of Mammon, and the bottom of the platform will drop out when Mammon thinks that War will pay better."

But hear the full words of Admiral Mahan:

I believe with full intensity of personal conviction, that when moral motives come to weigh heavier with mankind than do material desires there will be no war, and coincidentally therewith better provision of reasonable bodily necessities to all men. But the truth still remains as stated by Jesus Christ twenty centuries ago, that between material and moral motives men and nations must commit themselves to a definite choice; one or the other—not both. We cannot serve God and Mammon. The question is not of the degree of the devotion, but of the service chosen—of the Master. This will be either the moral motives summed up in the phrase Kingdom of God or the material. So far as the advocacy of Peace rests upon material motives like economy and prosperity, it is the service of Mammon, and the bottom of the platform will drop out when Mammon thinks that War will pay better. The common sense of mankind recognises the truth of this affirmation. We speak of mixed motives; but we know that to one alone belongs the title "Master."

And he concludes: "I believe that the time is coming when conviction of this truth will take effect in practice, and that indications of its distant arrival can be seen."

What Milton said

You remember the words of Milton: "Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks. Methinks I see her as an eagle renewing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full midday beam: purging and unscaling her long-abused sight at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance; while the whole noise of timorous and flocking birds, with those also that love the twilight, flutter about, amazed at what she means, and in their envious gabble would prognosticate a year of sects and schisms."

The brotherhood of the world is at hand—if we will have it so.

(The next article will deal with "Political Mechanism.")

MAKING GOOD

By

The late Mrs. GEO. DE HORNE VAIZEY

A pathetic interest attaches to this story: it was one of the last written by Mrs. Vaizey, who passed away on January 23rd.

I

DENISE RAUSON was an only daughter, and her parents, as is the manner of parents, cherished high hopes for her future. They wished her to marry, since by personal experience they had proved how blessed a really happy marriage can be; but the son-in-law of their imagination bore little resemblance to the flesh-and-blood young men whom Denise numbered among her friends, and especially to one Raymond Steel, whom they regarded with much disfavour. When Mrs. Rauson's sharp mother's eyes first perceived the girl's liking for the handsome youth, her husband brushed aside her fears with an easy laugh.

"A fancy, dear! Only a fancy! She will have plenty of them before she finds the right man and settles down. No need to worry! She'll soon change!"

But Denise was not the sort to change. She had given her whole heart to Raymond Steel, and not even for her parents' entreaties would she give him up, and there was no dearth of entreaties when the young people eventually announced their engagement.

"Denise! We couldn't have believed it of you! After all your opportunities, after all the fine, upright men you have known, to choose—Raymond Steel!"

"I love him, mother."

"Denise, I hate to say it, but you lower yourself in my eyes by caring for such a man! What has he to recommend him but a handsome face and a fine, big body?"

"I know him better than you do, mother. You are prejudiced, and see only his faults."

"You acknowledge his faults, then! You know that all his life he has had the character of being reckless and undisciplined; that only his father's influence has kept him in his present position?"

"Now he will have my influence as well. I don't love him less, mother, because he

needs me so much! The strong, upright men whom you speak of can manage their lives without me, but Raymond can't. He needs me, and I will not fail him. Please, mother dear, try to understand! It hurts me dreadfully to hurt you, but indeed and indeed all the talking in the world won't move me!"

To this position the girl held fast, but in deference to her parents' wishes she eventually consented that the engagement should be in abeyance for three months, and that no marriage should take place under a year at the earliest. Raymond chafed at the prospect of those three months, during which he would have few opportunities of meeting his love; but Denise pointed out that, after all, parents *did* deserve a little humouring! "They have been angels of goodness to me for twenty-two years, and three months is not a long time to give in return. They imagine, poor lambs! that I may change my mind in that time, but you and I know better. No public acknowledgment can make any difference to our real engagement, and I've got something for you, dear, which may help you through the loneliest times. This little case, to keep in your pocket! . . . Open it and see."

Raymond took the little silver case, on the outside of which was engraved the inscription, "Denise—1910"; he pressed the spring, and beheld the pictured presentment of the girl's face smiling at him from within an oval mount. As he looked, the colour rushed to his cheeks, and he said, in a low, broken tone, "Oh, my Denise! Oh, my little girl!" It was all the acknowledgment he gave, but it was enough. As long as she lived Denise could hear the echo of his voice as he said those words!

Raymond slipped the little case in his waistcoat pocket, laid her hand over the spot where it lay, and bowed his handsome head towards the girl. His tall, lithe figure

THE QUIVER

was singularly graceful for a man, and his attitude as he made that obeisance took Denise back to the days of chivalry, when gallant knights fought tournaments for their ladies' favours. She had cause to remember that gesture, for in the months which followed it became a recognised signal between the lovers. When they met in public, and for the sake of their promise refrained from private conversation, Raymond seized the first opportunity to send the girl that quick, flashing message. The gesture of the hand was an assurance that the pictured face lay near to his heart, the bend of the head spoke undying allegiance. Whenever Denise pictured her lover it was invariably in this attitude of gallant salutation.

At the end of three months the parents' opposition was overcome, and a reluctant consent given to a public engagement.

"You must prove yourself to us," they said to the young man. "We have told you frankly that we desired other things for our girl, but we are not satisfied to remain on formal terms with the man Denise loves. It is our greatest desire to love you, too. Only prove yourself worthy of our trust!"

Raymond's promises were as easy as they were fervid. He was possessed of an exaggerated optimism where his own affairs were concerned; the mere fact that he desired a thing appeared to him the best reason in the world why it should come to pass. He assured Mrs. Raeson that he was now going to put his back into his work. He supposed he *had* been a bit of a slacker in the past, but there had been no special reason why he should worry. Now, of course, he must make money for Denise! No, he had not saved. There were always so many things that a fellow wanted to do. Now he would turn over a new leaf.

Diligence and economy were the order of the day, but during the next months there were many occasions when Denise had to reproach her lover for infringements of both rules. It was delightful to have a lover who was always at liberty to escort her wherever she would go; but it was difficult to reconcile such liberty of action with hard work in the City. She pointed out that other young men had not so many holidays, and was told with a laugh that other men had not *his* temptations! He worked like a nigger while he was at his post, but—

hang it all! a fellow was engaged only once in his life; he might surely take an hour off now and then!

Another point on which Denise felt growingly uneasy was her lover's irresponsibility in money matters. He had acknowledged that he had no savings, yet he had given her a ring which was obviously of great value. She had not the courage to demur about the first gift of love; but she saw her own uneasiness reflected in her mother's eyes when she displayed the large emerald with its encircling diamonds, and when, a few weeks later, Raymond brought her a pendant to match, she felt bound to protest.

"But, Raymond, you must not give me any more jewellery! You can't afford it, dear man, and even if you could you ought to save now to prepare for our own little house. And this is far, far too handsome. It must have cost such a lot of money!"

"Oh, that's all right, darling. Jewels are an investment, and the man knows me . . . you needn't worry. It's quite all right. Let me put it on your neck. . . . I want to see how it looks."

But Denise was firm. She would not accept the pendant, for those careless words of Raymond's had convinced her that its cost was still unpaid. "The man knows me . . . it's all right. . . ." What could that mean but that the tradesman was prepared to wait for his money until such time as Raymond found it convenient to pay? A horrible question rose in her mind. She struggled against it, but it refused to be silenced. What about her ring, the precious engagement ring which stood as a symbol of their love? . . . The very suspicion that Raymond had given her jewels for which he had not paid made Denise hot with shame, but she dared not ask the question direct. She held fast to her determination not to accept any more expensive presents, however; but it was impossible to refuse constant offerings of flowers, bon-bons, theatre tickets, and the like, though she had an uneasy feeling that even these trifles were beyond Raymond's present means.

A year passed, and found Denise working at her trousseau; her parents had promised to grant her a couple of hundred a year, which, with Raymond's salary, would allow of a comfortable start in life.



"Oh, my Denise!
Or, my little girl!" — p. 591.

Drawn by
Balliol Salmon.

THE QUIVER

On free afternoons she took her fiancé to view possible houses, but no choice had yet been made, since the young people found it difficult to agree. Denise was anxious to take a small house in which it would be possible to live well within their means. Raymond laughed to scorn the notion of a "doll's house," and declared that it was bad business to make a poor start.

"I'm getting on—quicker than you think! In a year from now I ought to have doubled my present income. We don't want to have a removal as soon as we're settled in. Besides—hang it all! neither of us has been brought up to live in small rooms, with neighbours on each side staring into one's front windows. I couldn't stick it, and I'm not going to allow you to stick it, either. We'll take a decent house, in which we shall be satisfied to live for the next ten years. Then, of course, we'll buy a big place!"

Denise laughed, but with a sinking of the heart. She loved Raymond more passionately than at the beginning of her engagement; but she was more alive to his faults, and in her thoughts of the future a deep sense of responsibility mingled with her joy. She knew herself to be the stronger of the two; in their mutual life it would fall to her to be the prop, the guide, the check on the wheels; and she was a woman who would fain have had a strong man on whom she herself could lean.

Raymond had confided the news that he had taken to speculation as a means of increasing his income, and though Denise understood nothing about business, she had a horror of an uncertain income, with all the anxieties which it involved. Even now, though he assured her that his transactions were on the smallest possible scale—even now Raymond's moods were of disconcerting variance. Now he would arrive at the house all a-beam with triumph, and carry his fiancée on what he called a "treasure hunt," which meant that they ransacked old curio shops together, to pick up pieces of antique furniture for their future home. Denise thoroughly enjoyed these expeditions, for she had a woman's keen appreciation of beautiful things, and it seemed to her that Raymond could not do better than spend his money in such a useful way. Occasionally she was a trifle perturbed by the cost of some special treasure, but since

she had carried her point on the matter of jewels her conscience was more at ease. Everyone said it was wise to buy really good furniture. The things with which one had to live all one's life ought surely to be as beautiful and harmonious as was possible to find!

But there were other occasions, increasingly frequent, when Raymond was moody and silent, beset by a restlessness which was in strange contrast to the lazy serenity which of yore had been his chief characteristic. On these occasions his love seemed to glow even more fiercely than in his happier moments; but his protestations evoked more pain than joy in the girl's heart. Raymond spoke as though in some mysterious way he had wronged her, and was pleading for pity and forgiveness, and it hurt the girl to recognise such an attitude in her chosen knight. As time went on it hurt her pride also to note his changed looks. All opposition to their marriage had now been withdrawn; with every kindness their way was being smoothed, yet here was Raymond looking worn and haggard, obviously losing flesh.

"He loves me," Denise said to herself, "with all his heart he loves me, but he is wretched! so wretched that he can neither eat nor rest! What trouble is lurking behind?"



The revelation came with a shock which seemed to rend the solid earth.

Raymond's uncle called one evening to see Mr. Rauson, and the two men were closeted together for a long time. At last Denise was sent for, and the first glance at her father's set, white face was a presage of disaster. Raymond was a felon. He had been speculating and living beyond his means, and at a moment when discovery seemed inevitable he had forged his uncle's name. The forgery had been discovered, and it remained for Mr. Steel to take the next step.

Denise stood white and motionless before the two men. If she were capable of a definite sensation it was one of horror—not so much even of the crime itself, but of herself, because *she was not surprised!* It seemed to her that in a dim, subconscious way she had been aware of what was happening, and had lived on in her fool's paradise

MAKING GOOD

from a sheer cowardice which dare not question! A cold scorn filled her—for her lover, and for herself.

Mr. Steel finished his tale, and Denise spoke in dull, toneless accents.

"How much—how much money did he—steal?"

"Five hundred pounds."

Denise turned to her father.

"You were to allow me two hundred a year after my marriage. Now I shall never marry. Will you pay this five hundred pounds for me, father, to save me from—shame?"

"I would pay it twice over to know you were free. If Mr. Steel will promise that he is sent out of England—to Australia or one of the colonies, where I can feel sure he can trouble you no more—"

In the end Mr. Steel insisted upon bearing his own loss. Raymond was his nephew, and he preferred that an outsider should not suffer financially; but for the sake of Denise Mr. Rauson arranged to pay the expenses of the voyage, and to deposit fifty pounds in a bank in Melbourne, so that Raymond should not find himself penniless in a strange land. A passage was booked by the first boat that sailed.

"Can't you cry, dear? Can't you cry?" Mrs. Rauson asked of her ice-cold daughter; but Denise shook her head.

"How can I cry when I don't feel?" she replied. All the sweetness, the gaiety, the loving-kindness of her nature had been killed by the horror of the revelation. She moved about, carrying a dead heart in a living body; so far as she was conscious of any emotion, it was of scorn—that cold, still scorn for her lover, and for herself! She had sent Raymond a message that she did not wish to see him, but he refused to take her at her word, and forced an interview before he left England.

"I am not asking you to marry me," he explained; "that's over for ever. I am going away, and you will never see me again, but before I go, Denise, won't you just try to understand? I *did* it . . . it's all quite true! I have put myself within reach of the law; but it's not so bad or so deliberate as it appears. . . . Other fellows speculate, and when they succeed they are praised, not blamed. . . . I was in a hurry to get on, to give you a fine house, and everything you could want.

. . . For a time I succeeded, and then—things began to go wrong! . . . I found myself in debt, and there was no way out but to try again. But my luck had changed—it seemed as if I couldn't do right. . . . I've been through hell these last weeks! To own up meant to lose my berth—possibly to lose you! When it came to the last moment I couldn't face it. . . . I was certain that in another month I could put everything right. . . . It would be only borrowing for a few weeks. . . . And I *should* have been able to pay up in a few weeks, if only my uncle had not—"

He broke off with a hard sob, and Denise spoke in low, ice-cold tones:

"That would have been a pity. You would have been tempted to try again!"

They were cruel words, and Raymond shrank before them. It had been a blow to him when Denise refused to see him; he had imagined her broken, pitiful, torn with agitation; but this coldly self-controlled woman was as a stranger in his eyes. He stood staring at her with dazed, incredulous eyes.

"Denise! Have you no pity for me? Have you turned against me like the rest? Heaven knows I'm hard enough on myself, but you loved me. . . . I thought that from you, at least, I should get some comfort and encouragement. You *did* love me?"

"I loved a man who did not exist," Denise replied. "I did not wish to see you, for you are not the man I loved. . . . I have no comfort to give you, I have no comfort for myself. . . . What is the use of talking? Everything is at an end."

She was so numbed with suffering that she did not realise her own cruelty, and her eyes were averted so that she did not see the withering as of age which came over Raymond's face as he heard her words. In silence he turned to the door, then paused to speak again.

"I will return your letters. . . . I—I tried to burn them, but I couldn't do it, but you would not wish me to take them with me."

"Thank you! I should like them back. And my miniature."

"No!" cried Raymond strongly. "No." His face set in stubborn lines. "That's mine. You cannot take back a gift. I have little enough left, God knows, but I'll not

THE QUIVER

give that up. I've carried it about with me wherever I've been for the last year, and I'll carry it still. It's not your portrait, you see; it's the portrait of the girl who loved me. Some day I'll make good, and she'll be with me; she'll *know*!"

He turned the handle of the door, and then—oh, the pity of it!—instinctively, as it were, his hand went to the spot where the miniature lay, his head bowed, a travesty of the old gay smile convulsed his face.

The next moment he had disappeared. Out into space and silence drifted one more unfortunate.

And the smug, conventional world went on its way.

II

IT was the autumn of 1916. Five years had elapsed since Raymond Steel's departure from England, five years since anything had been heard of his existence, and Denise Raouon sat in one of the big cinema palaces of London where were shown wonderful films of scenes from the Front which filled the beholders with mingled pride and grief. Denise wore the uniform of a Red Cross nurse, and was able to attend the performance because she herself had broken down after months of hard work, and had been granted a few weeks' leave. In spite of her fatigue, however, she looked and felt happier than she had done before the beginning of the Great War. For the first three years after the tragic end of her engagement Denise had struggled against a terrible bitterness of spirit. "Everyone else is happy. Other girls get married, and are happy in their own homes. . . . None of my old school friends have had their lives spoilt like mine. . . . Why have I to suffer while other people go free?"

The sad, rebellious questions had surged in her brain, and sapped all joy from her life; but since that fatal 1st of August two years before it had been impossible to pity herself any more. No longer was she marked apart from her fellows because she had suffered and lost; rather was she fortunate above others in that she had still a home, and the material circumstances of her life remained untouched. As the slow months passed by, and the community of suffering grew ever wider, Denise made the happy discovery that the fact that one had sor-

rowed enabled one to help and to understand as the butterflies of life could never hope to do. She took up nursing and found healing for herself in ministering to the wounds of others.

The film rolled its length, switching from one enthralling battle scene to another, until at last the screen projected the following explanation of a new section:

"Scene in trenches held by Australian regiment. Volunteers have just been asked for to discharge dangerous duty in No Man's Land. The six men are seen leaving the trenches."

A little rustle of interest followed the reading of the words, for the audience realised too well all that was implied in that "dangerous duty." Would those six men who had so gallantly volunteered their services return to their trench in safety? It was almost a certainty that they would not. It was almost a certainty one or more of their number was going forth to meet death, face to face!

The rustle died into silence, and the audience sat still and tense.

Once more a trench scene sprang into view—a scene almost identical in aspect with others that had gone before; but among the men could be seen a certain tension and anxiety. Towards the centre of the screen six men were standing together, listening to the instructions of the officer in charge, who was talking with much seriousness of mien, gesticulating to emphasise his words. The men on the near side of the trench were watching the scene, but with less concern than was the audience in the cinema palace in far-off England; such episodes were of almost daily occurrence in their stormy life, and it was also evident that there was another call on their attention. From time to time one of the number would raise his head and glance with a smile at a spot which was not represented on the film. Then he would turn and speak to his companion, who also would peer and smile. The friend who accompanied Denise said in a low whisper:

"They know that they are being filmed! You can't see the camera, but they can. . . . That's why they are looking over there."

Denise nodded. At that moment she could not speak, and was thankful for the friendly darkness which hid her face. She

MAKING GOOD

was staring with widened eyes at the figure of the man who was apparently the leader of the little band of volunteers; and something in the poise of the supple young frame made her heart leap with a sickening thud. It was impossible that it should be he, yet it was so like, so extraordinarily like—Raymond Steel! These men were Australians. . . . Raymond had gone to Australia. . . . Was it possible that he would have stayed at the other end of the world when the Mother Country needed her sons? Denise answered the question with a vehement "No!" the while her eyes followed the movements of the figure on the film.

If he would only turn his head! If she could only see his face, and make sure, before he climbed over the top of the trench, and disappeared into that terrible No Man's Land which lay ahead. She clasped her hands in her lap and sent out a dumb message of entreaty, as though what she saw before her was happening in the present and was not a mere presentment of what was past.

"Turn your head! Turn round! Look at me. . . . Look! before you go. . . ."

And then, as though her message had indeed been heard, the figure turned, nodded a farewell to the man at his side, and then slowly, deliberately, faced the spot where the camera was ticking off its endless reel of film. Deliberately, as though he were determined to make himself seen, the man stood, and gazed across the space, and as he gazed one hand stole to his side, he bowed his head, and his set face smiled.

"A lady fainted. . . . Carry her out! A nurse, poor thing! Over-tired, no doubt, and this place so close. . . . What a wonderful film! Did you see that man look into the camera and bow? Didn't it seem almost as though he were thinking of some special person, and saluted, hoping to be recognised? . . . Now we shall have the Italian pictures. Everyone says they are wonderful."

Denise speedily recovered from her fainting attack; but instead of allowing herself to be driven straight home, as her friend suggested, she refused to leave the palace until the performance was over and she had spoken to the manager himself. She dispatched an attendant to beg an

interview on urgent business, and was told that Mr. Morris would see her at five o'clock, and until that hour arrived she could not be induced to move from the room to which she had been taken when she became unconscious. Her companion, a fellow nurse, and a friend of recent date, was shrewd enough to recognise that something which Denise had seen on the screen had caused her sudden faintness, but she knew nothing of the unhappy love of the past, and therefore had not recognised the figure of Raymond Steel. That it was Raymond, Denise herself had little doubt, though the face which for a moment had confronted her was worn and gaunt, and looked many years older than the handsome boy whom she had loved and trusted, and, alas! had forsaken in the hour when he needed her most. Seated by the bedside of her patients, Denise had listened to touching confidences during the last two years, and had learnt from them how deep and powerful is a woman's influence over the man she loves. These men had been sustained through their dark hours by the knowledge that the woman at home believed in them, and trusted to them to hold fast and play the game. "You see—I thought of my girl!" "I couldn't have stood it, Sister, if it hadn't been for my wife. . . ." The simple confidences had pierced Denise with remorse, for her own lover had gone forth to fight a desperate fight, and she had let him go with the sound of cruel taunts ringing in his ear. . . . He had been weak, he had fallen; but, looking back on that last interview, Denise now felt herself to have been a greater sinner than he.

Had Raymond lived to make good? Had he come back alive from that perilous adventure? Could she find out where he was, and send him a word of repentance and recognition?

The manager of the palace looked with curious eyes at the young nurse with her pale, eager face.

"Good afternoon, Sister. You wanted to see me. I am very busy this afternoon, but I can spare you ten minutes. What can I do for you? . . . Ah! yes. That's interesting! You think you have recognised an old friend on the film. That has happened before, but—er—one is apt to be misled! In such a short view it is difficult to be sure."

THE QUIVER

"I am practically sure," Denise said quietly; "but I want to prove it beyond any doubt. I know nothing about the working of cinemas. Could I see the separate films? They are very large, I suppose? I should see the figure full size."

The manager smiled.

"Each film is about the size of a postage stamp. They are enlarged on the sheet, as you see them, by an enormous lens. They would be of no use to you in their ordinary size, I am afraid, but if you cared to arrange for a private show, we could run over the film to the part you want."

"And keep it there? Keep it for several minutes while I have time to look and to make sure."

The manager hesitated.

"Not for several minutes. That would be impossible, because of the danger of fire. Each tiny film hangs over the lens for the fraction of a second—about the tenth part of a second, as a rule—and then makes way for the next. They are made of celluloid, you see, which is highly inflammable, and could not stand a long exposure. At the beginning of this cinema business we used to have serious fires in this way; but now the films are shut up in a metal case, out of which they drop, one by one, so that if by chance one should happen to fuse, it burns itself out, and goes no farther. But we could run over the set once or twice until you are satisfied."

"You are very kind. Yes; I should like to have a private view as soon as possible, and, of course, I will pay whatever you think right. I suppose," she looked at him with wistful eyes, "I suppose it would not be possible for me to get a photograph taken from the film, for my own, to take away."

The manager smiled cheerily. He was a big, fatherly man, with a kindly heart for a youthful romance. The girl was in love with the fellow, of course, had lost sight of him, and wanted to get on his track. Certainly he would help her as much as was in his power.

"I'll let you have a couple of the films," he said; "you can get enlargements from them, as you would from any ordinary photograph. It won't make any difference to our show. No human eye can adjust itself to a dozen movements in a second, so, when necessary, we can always cut out one or two

without feeling the effect. We do it repeatedly for posters. We'll run the set over for you to-morrow morning, Sister, and let you have a couple of films at the right point. What time shall we say? Ten o'clock? Will that suit you? . . . Oh, don't mention it! Only too pleased to help. Hope it is the man you think, and that you'll find him safe and well. Now I'm afraid I must really rush off!"

"I am very grateful," Denise said. "I am very, very grateful!"



Denise spent an hour at the cinema palace the following morning, and came away with a couple of tiny films in her hand which she took straight to a photographer's studio. In a couple of days she received the enlargements, and looked upon the picture of a face which was at the same time familiar and strange to her eyes. Alone in her bedroom Denise studied the photograph, and then made her way slowly across the room to an old bureau which stood in a corner. At the back of one of the little pigeon-holes was a secret drawer which had not been opened for many years. It contained a photograph which even in her bitterest moment she had not been able to bring herself to destroy. All the other souvenirs of her engagement had been burned in the flames; even the ring had been sent back to the jeweller, whose request for payment was one of the many discovered after Raymond's departure; but, hidden away in its secret nook, the photograph had remained for years past, and Denise pretended to herself that she had forgotten its existence. Now, unhesitatingly, she went to the little drawer, took out its only content, and laid it beside the film enlargement on the table.

So alike, and yet so different! The same features, the same finely marked brows; but there the resemblance ceased, for the handsome, smiling youth looked at least a decade younger than the thin ghost of a soldier, whose face looked out so wistfully from beneath the peaked cap. Denise's own face worked convulsively as she looked at the two presentments. . . . Ah, poor Raymond, how he had suffered! How long and sad had been the years of his exile. Denise knew instinctively that it was not the face of a prosperous or successful man on



"If he would only turn his head !
If she could only see his face !"—p. 597.

*Drawn by
Balliol Salmon.*

THE QUIVER

which she looked; but the values of life had changed their proportions in the last years, and to the girl who had loved him it was sufficient to know that this was a man who had come across the world at the call of duty and had shown himself ready to sacrifice life itself to help his fellow men!

The portrait of the happy youth was pushed to one side. It was upon the face of the man that the girl's eyes were riveted, and as she gazed, suddenly, irresistibly, the ice bands which had enveloped her heart snapped and broke; the warm tears gushed from her eyes; she lifted the worn face to her lips, and kissed it with passionate devotion.

"Oh, my dear! My dear! I have been cruel. I have tortured myself, as well as you . . . and it has all been for nothing, for nothing! I love you to-day as much—more than I did five years ago! Ah, my dear, your poor, thin face! Where are you now? You went over the edge of the trench into that dreadful beyond, but—*did you ever come back?* Where are you now, Raymond? Are you a spirit in the spirit world, and can you hear me and understand that I love you still; or are you lying in some hospital, suffering and weary, and all alone? Oh, my poor boy! You were cast off by the land you came back to save, and nobody knows, nobody cares! Oh, Raymond, if you are alive I am coming to you. . . . I am coming to you, dear, as quickly, as quickly as I can come!"



Where there's a will there's a way! Denise had a dozen relatives in the Army, and with their help she was able to track Private Raymond Steel, and to discover that for the last three months he had been an inmate of a large military hospital near London. "Seriously wounded," was the report; but accompanying it came another report from the Colonel commanding his regiment. "Steel was wounded when leading a volunteer party on a hazardous expedition. He showed conspicuous gallantry, and I had pleasure in sending his name to headquarters, where I hope he will receive the recognition he deserves."

"Conspicuous gallantry!" Denise repeated the two words to herself a hundred times over as she journeyed down to the suburb where the hospital was situated,

and the sound of them was as balm to her heart and healing to her ears. For the time being—the mere bodily injury seemed an insignificant fact in comparison with the spiritual gain; but when she reached the great ward of the hospital, and stood beside Raymond's screened bed, a lightning revelation came to her of the meaning of that laying down of life for friends which the men of our armies are facing day after day.

The eyes of Raymond looked at her out of a mask of death. They were all that was left of the boy she had loved; but they were alive, and full of a great content.

"Oh, Denise! At last!" he cried feebly. "I knew you would come; but it has been so long to wait. . . . I have been lying here for three months."

Denise fell on her knees by the bedside, and clasped the cold hands in her own.

"But I didn't know—I didn't know! I should never have known if I had not recognised you in a picture in a cinema. You had just volunteered for a special expedition—"

He nodded weakly.

"Yes. . . . We succeeded! I'm glad we succeeded, but they got me at the last, just as I thought I was safe. I've had three operations. . . . They've done their best for me. . . . Awfully kind! All the nurses. Always asking if there's anything I want."

His voice faltered, the thin hand tightened its grip. "I wanted you!"

"Oh, my boy! My poor, poor boy! If I had only known! Why didn't you send for me before, Raymond? I can't bear to think of you lying here alone all these months."

"I waited because—my Colonel recommended me for a D.S.O. It has taken a long time, but I heard this week that it's all right. As soon as I knew that, I told the nurse to write. . . . You got my letter?"

"No!" Denise opened surprised eyes. "I have just missed it, I suppose. I know nothing about a letter. It was that film which brought me. I have been writing everywhere, trying to find out what had happened and where I could see you! . . . Raymond, just before you climbed over that trench you turned towards me in the old attitude, with your hand over the place where my—my miniature—"

MAKING GOOD

"It was there still!" Raymond said. "It has always been there."

"And were you thinking of me, Raymond? It seemed to me as if you were sending out a message, hoping that I might hear."

"I was sending out a message to—my old life!" Raymond said faintly. "To you also, of course, because you had been the biggest thing in it; but at that moment the whole of life flashed before me. I was saying good-bye to all the mistakes and the muddles, and going out to—make good! I hadn't made good in Australia, Denise! I came no more croppers; but I was a poor thing, no good to anyone but myself. The spring had gone out of me, somehow. Nobody cared. Nothing seemed to matter. . . . I just drifted along."

A pang of remorse cut the girl's heart. "*Nobody cared! Nothing seemed to matter!*" She who had loved him had failed him in his need, and now he lay a-dying, and understanding came too late.

"But you came home at once, Raymond, when England declared war?"

"Oh, well—of course!" the sick man said. In his voice there was a hint of astonishment that such a course could for a moment be doubted. "Of course" he had flown home at the first call to defend the homeland which had cast him adrift. "Of course" he, the waster, the broken, spiritless man, had gone forth into the heart of the deadliest fight which the world has ever known; had, of his own choice, laid down his life! The wonder of it held Denise dumb, but the weak voice faltered on:

"It was my chance. . . . I had made a mess of it all, but at the end . . . I made good! To know that, and to see you again, that's all I wanted! It's the end, darling! You know that, don't you? Oh, don't cry, for I'm so—*glad!* If I lived on, who knows! I might be weak, and fail you again, and I'm so tired. . . . The years have been so long. . . . If you

love me, Denise, don't grudge me my release!"

Then Denise looked at the wan face, and there came to her a sudden understanding that to this man death would indeed be the gate of life. She saw before her a new heaven—filled not with aged saints, but with millions of the young, the strong, and the valiant, the first-born of the nations, in the flush of their manhood's strength, and she saw also that though to many of these men death came as an enemy, to others he was a kindly deliverer, who led the way from temptation and danger into a blessed haven of peace!

"No, beloved," she said softly. "No! I don't grudge it. I speed you on your way."

She laid her head on the pillow beside his, and they clung together in silence. Only once Raymond spoke, to say in a low voice: "It is for you, Denise, my Order. . . . I've told them to give it to you. Let it—make up!" Then he lapsed into silence once more, and the hands which the girl clasped grew ever colder and colder.



Before she took her leave that night Denise spoke a few words to the nurse in charge.

"Had my coming anything to do with hurrying the end? Did I make him worse by talking?"

Sister Alice shook her head.

"We have all been astonished that he lasted so long. We expected him to go long ago. I think he kept himself alive by a sheer effort of will. He wanted to receive his Order, and he wanted—you! After that his strength was exhausted, and he just let go. He has been very brave and patient. If he had lived it would have been to a suffering life. You would not wish that?"

"No," said Denise firmly. "This is release, and—promotion! I wish nothing else."

She left the hospital, her head held high.



The Cinema—Two Views

I

IN PRAISE OF THE CINEMA

By EUSTACE MILES

AS a very busy man, I find myself limited now to practically two recreations.

The first is the extremely rare one of tennis, which I play partly for sheer enjoyment and partly for the excellent physical exercise it affords; the second is a visit for an hour or so once or twice a week, with my wife, to the cinema.

The great advantage of these recreations is that they take up comparatively little time. My tennis I have often arranged to have early in the morning before the day's work begins. The cinema we can drop into at any hour in the afternoon or evening when there is a temporary break in our work, or when I am about to change from one kind of work to another. In this way the cinema acts as a refresher.

A Time-saving Recreation

I know that many even busy men go to the theatre or music hall every week, and indulge in other social recreations. I marvel how they can find the time. Theatre-going and most of the "social" functions of formal kinds are to me dressy affairs which take up from four to five valuable hours of the working day. The cinema, on the other hand, is an unconventional time-saving recreation. It needs no special dress; it inflicts no long, tedious intervals of waiting upon one; and it does not (as theatre-going often does) entail dining or supping out. So, when physical exercise is not required, it is the ideal recreation for the busy man.

I am, therefore, an enthusiastic patron of the cinema, and no captious critic. But this is not saying that I think the entertainment provided perfect. On the whole, I gladly admit it is excellent. Some of the films are particularly good, and let in a welcome roughness and boisterous good humour upon our too dour and too prim and too respectable city life.

The cowboy film excels in this. One cannot see an average feature film of this kind without being carried away for the time being to the great open prairies and plains of America.

All the freshness of the wild is there—in the vistas of scenery, in the spirit and dash of the horses, and in the fierce vital energy of the men whose lot is to control and direct those fiery untamed steeds. The life is so different from our orderly prosaic city life, that it is exhilarating to sit by and see this all rush past one on the screen. It recalls instantly to mind all the old boyish love of the prairie-book and its open-air freshness. It is a perennial baptism of that literature of breezy manliness so dear to a boy's heart when the world was such a jolly adventurous place, and even the sex instinct had not yet awakened in his breast. And to have all this come back upon you in a feature film at the cinema is to recapture not a little of the freshness and happiness of youth.

The Value of Honest Laughter

I feel much the same about the humorous film. It is a good and health-giving thing to laugh uproariously now and then at some bit of honest buffoonery or farce. A man ought not to outgrow his boyish faculty for laughter, lest he should begin to mope about and soon fall into the hands of the doctor. And yet one can count almost on the fingers of one hand the men among one's own circle who can laugh really heartily in middle age.

It seems that as we grow older we get more sympathetic and introspective, and feel more, both for ourselves and others; so that the things we once laughed at affect us now quite differently. We see a man in the street; his hat blows off in the rain perhaps, and he makes a wild dash after it with his long, lank hair streaming in the

IN PRAISE OF THE CINEMA

breze. In our boyish days we should have laughed inordinately at the fun of the thing; the man cuts such a ridiculous figure, and the hat evades him and gets more muddy at every clutch. But, instead of laughing at all this now, we are probably apprehensive for the man's safety—he may be run over by a passing vehicle or, in his mad, unheeding rush, trip over some unseen obstacle in his path and do himself a fatal injury. We are quite relieved, therefore, to see the pursuit come to a satisfactory end, and when the tension of any worry about a thousand and one ills that might happen is over, there may perhaps be a subdued smile on our lips, but certainly no hearty outburst of laughter, as there would have been even while the pursuit was on when we were in our teens.

Personally, I cannot see how this change is to be altogether avoided in ordinary life. This getting more sympathetic and more sensitive to danger as one grows older seems interwoven into the very texture of our being as long as we move about among our fellows. That is why I think we should seek more and more some relief from this too serious view of life, and let art minister to our laughter. Once we get away from real life, into a region where the misfortunes which happen to individuals do not inflict injury or pain on anyone, then we can laugh as heartily as we did of yore. Especially is this true of the humorous film in the cinema. Here the spectator knows that no one is being put to any pain to cause him amusement, but that the whole farce,

with its knocks and kicks, is a delicious bit of extravagant nonsense which one can laugh at to the full extent of one's capacity for laughter and not hurt any creature's feelings, or make oneself callous to pain and suffering. So, if the cinema palace did us no more service than to provide us films such as these, of breezy, open-air life and of rough, boisterous humour, it would be doing the people who live in cities an inestimable service.



**An Elaborate
Cinema Scene :**

*By courtesy of
Eustanay Co.*

The castle in the background has been specially built at considerable cost.

But, as is well known, the cinema does much more than this. Among other popular features, it provides a film of the current week's news and the progress of the war.

Then, again, the cinema is taking in hand even more directly the education of its audience in natural history and science. Some of the most enjoyable films I have seen of late have been those dealing in vividly life-like ways with the growth of flowers, birds, and insects, so that one sees the successive stages of growth passed through in a way that fixes the facts indelibly upon the mind as no amount of descriptive explanation could possibly do.

THE QUIVER



Thoroughness in Film Production :

An explosion manufactured for Cinema purposes.

*By courtesy of
Trans-Atlantic Co.*

The cinema not only amuses the masses, but it has found a way of popularising instruction among them. And because it has already done so much in this direction, one would like to see it do even more.

Especially should I like to see the cinema do more than it has hitherto done for what one might, for the want of a better word, call "vista-graphs." By vista-graphs I mean any quiet views of beautiful scenery that have the restful quality of distance in them.

In city life our eyes are for much too long periods focused on short views, on objects just under our nose, so to speak, till there is no real rest for the eyes but by gazing into a world of longer, farther-reaching views. Every little while on the cinema screen one sees a few haunting pictures of such vistas. Sometimes in the cowboy films I have referred to there is a pretty scene where the eye is carried over miles and miles of prairie to a far-distant sky-line. In many of the love films, too, there is at least one exquisite bit of river or coast scenery which has the same saving grace of distance.

And, with a little co-operation on the part of the film makers, one could so easily have more of these vistas, not as mere adjuncts or settings to scenes of intense restless action, but as distinct feature films in themselves. For example, one could have a film of a

boat's progress along a beautiful estuary, showing nothing but the beauty of the gradually unfolding view, or a film of slowly dissolving views opening deeply into the heart of a forest down long grassy glades of primeval greenness, singularly restful to the eye and the spirit. Or one could feast the eyes upon the film of a low marshy country where the sky comes down to the ground, and revel in the beauty of cloud forms and the play of light and shade upon long stretches of still water.

A Plea for "Vista-graphs"

There need be no fear lest these quieter films should fail to win appreciation. If they stood alone, as an exclusive programme, they might reasonably fail to attract the public, being without that vivid animation which appeals so strongly to the general restlessness of the age. But as only one element in a programme, lengthy enough to comprise cowboy, comic, news, love, and melodramatic films, they would only add a welcome note of variety to the entertainment. Further, being so different from any of the films that had gone before, they would by their very novelty alone attract attention. So will some kindly disposed film producer take the hint and give us—at the earliest possible date, please—more "vista-graphs"?

II

THE CHILD AT THE CINEMA

A Serious Indictment

By AMY B. BARNARD

WHEN the moving pictures were first revealed to the eyes of an astonished world, true lovers of children saw in the marvellous invention limitless possibilities for their instruction and pleasure. The child should know in a wholly delightful way the historical events of the past, the fairy tales of science, the sublime and beautiful world about him. Alas for such hopes!

A fine opportunity for educating our boys and girls has been almost entirely missed; nay, worse, it has been perverted to evil uses, and unless drastic measures are taken, and that at once, what might have been a blessing and help during these anxious times will prove a curse as disastrous to the future generation as the effects of warfare upon them. In a conference at the Home Office held last October, Mr. Herbert Samuel cited "evil effects of the cinema" as one of four causes responsible for the great increase in juvenile offences since the start of the war, and proposed to establish an official censorship to apply not only to films, but to posters advertising them. Such a censorship has become imperative, since local efforts have usually been thwarted by borough councils with members supine or financially interested in film companies.

Hurting the Children

While fathers are away in the army or navy, and the nation is losing the pick of its young manhood, the children at home are being hurt, morally and physically, in the picture palaces that dot the main streets of our cities and towns.

The headmaster of a large L.C.C. boys' school in a very poor London suburb, whose opinion on the matter is valuable, summed up to me the harmfulness of the cinema as he traces it in his boys.

"First," he said, "I place the late hours. The boys are out when they ought to be in bed, and drowsy or cross next morning;

though it is not always possible to trace denseness and stupidity to this cause. Sunlight rarely gets into the picture house, and the place reeks with disease germs. I have often seen on a bright Saturday morning in summer children waiting to enter the building at 10 or 10.30. They stay for hours watching the pictures, and lose precious fresh air. Besides, the physical strain on the eyesight does harm.

"Another bad feature is the retrograde influence of the pictures themselves. Only now and then is there any beautiful scenery or incident illustrating natural history, such as the development of the chick from the egg, or the unfolding of a flower. The grotesque and comic films, which appeal to these boys, give untrue views of life. Policemen are placed in undignified positions, and the tricks played on them lower respect for them and for magistrates and others in authority, including schoolmasters."

Crime and the Cinema

It is easy to calculate the reaction in school of a film depicting tricks played on a schoolmaster at an age when imitation is strong, and few of the lads can distinguish make-believe from reality. My informant emphasised another direction in which the boys' capacity for imitation finds exercise.

"There is no doubt exhibitions of criminal scenes are accountable for many falls from honesty on the part of boys. There have been four or five cases of actual burglaries by my boys. Either on Saturday afternoons, when they were closed, on Sundays, or at night, they have broken into more than one factory and stolen manufactured articles. And the children steal money. Their truancy is usually associated with theft, and some of the money goes to the picture palaces. The character of the film wants special supervision, and if the proprietor of the film won't do this, then the public must exercise greater pressure."

THE QUIVER

Children who are mentally deficient are peculiarly liable to be influenced by scenes of cunning and violence. One teacher of such children tells me she sees them in the playground imitating the furtive actions and struggles they have seen displayed. Rough horseplay is another dangerous subject for imitation. As someone pertinently remarked, "If they are constantly observing the behaviour of criminals, fools, or lunatics, they will imitate them."

Delusive "Children's Matinées"

The delusive advertisement "Children's Matinée" means that children are admitted at a charge of a penny or twopence on Saturday morning from 10.45 till 1, or in the afternoon from 2 till 5, but the programme is the usual one. At a *matinée* I attended the house was crowded with children, mostly boys, aged from seven upwards, with a sprinkling of men, women, and babies. The shrill voices of the children, excited by hair-breadth escapes and murders, were quieted by stern orders for silence on the part of a few male attendants. Every piece exhibited was highly sensational, thrills abounding. The adventures of a girl in a submarine culminated in her being shot out of the torpedo tube. Theft, revenge, throttling, fighting, rifle-firing, drowning, suicide, scrambling over roofs, fickle girls and foolish women, baffling of detectives, stabbing, check, cupidity, wicked faces, spying, treachery, drinking, and too many attempted murders to count—such are the notes I made of the performance. In one play the children, to judge by their cries, became thoroughly confused as to the issues of justice and sympathised with the criminals. In the whole performance there was not even pause for a quieting topical film or Nature scene. Displays to which grown people were admitted might include these, but for the children—the pity of it!—a feast of mental poison only. At the moment of writing, the programme for a children's *matinée* on a Saturday includes "A Five Thousand Dollar Elopement" (comedy-drama), "A Wife for a Ransom" (comic), "A Cad" (drama). Comment is superfluous.

One might almost imagine German-engineered films from across the Atlantic were being thrust before the children with sinister motives. As long ago as the spring of 1914 the *Lancet* said: "These same

theatres are almost as potent for evil as public-houses, and, like them, should be subject to close control."

Years ago at Birmingham, a magistrate who had much to do with organising children's courts stated he knew thirty instances of children charged with stealing admitting their object was to get money for the pictures. Children have been known to beg for coppers in the streets for the same purpose. Many little fellows earning good money in part-time employments burn the candle at the latter end of the day as well as at the beginning by haunting evening shows.

Trouble Abroad

The trouble of the child at the cinema is not confined to this country. Crimes traceable to the pictures have been proved in the United States, France, Germany, Finland, Denmark, and Norway. In the autumn of 1913, at a place in Long Island, U.S.A., a bell in the town hall was ordered to be rung every night at 8.45 to warn all girls under sixteen to leave the cinema and hurry home. A rigid censorship was set up by Alberta in 1913, and it was then pronounced safe and proper to permit any child to attend almost any of the moving-picture shows in the city of Calgary. Smoking in picture palaces, by the way, is forbidden in Canada under penalty of £5, so the children do not suffer from this nuisance. In our own country, in a circular letter to Local Education Authorities, bishops and headmasters of public schools complained that eyesight was injured, and standards of intellectual interest, of morals, and of taste were lowered by free indulgence in unholy picture shows.

The mistress of a council school for girls has related that at 10 o'clock at night she has often observed in the spacious lobby of one palace as many as fifty empty perambulators whose proper occupants were waiting in the vile atmosphere that their mothers might enjoy the show. It makes one's heart ache to see the babies at the cinema. I noticed one in the arms of a brother, aged perhaps ten or eleven, and soon fast asleep in the dead atmosphere. Better would it be if the mite wailed, as some do, for then it would be taken out. The schoolmistress mentioned above condemned the bad English and spelling of the picture-legends, the performance of impos-



War and the Cinema:
Watching the "Tanks" in Action.

Drawn by
W. Matherell, R.I.

THE QUIVER

sible exploits (dummies being substituted), in 75 out of 100 plays the wrongness of the moral lesson, the marriage vow being made the subject of a jest, and filial obedience a mockery. She says: "No dangers from loose companionship need be feared for the children who frequent picture palaces. There is nothing left for them to learn."

An Aggravated Harm

These are strong words, and I fear they are but too true. The harm, moreover, has been aggravated as the war has progressed. Overburdened and overworked mothers, blind to the true interests of their children, have put coppers into their little hands and sent them off to the picture palace. "They think they're safer there than in the streets, and they're being amused!" one mother, more sensible than most, said to me. The lives of these little ones are very drab. Many come from wretched homes; they find warmth and shelter at the cinema, and all for a penny. They meet their school friends, and shudder and laugh at the same fascinating scenes. The boy's love of adventure is amply satiated; the girl sees "high life," and to both the reality of existence in a dull street, and lessons presented never so attractively at school next day, become flat and uninteresting.

By persistent effort restrictions have been made concerning age and hours of admission in one provincial town after another. Birmingham has recently appointed two women inspectors of films—a wise step in the right direction. Sensible, motherly women are needed, too, as attendants.

The chief obstacle to reform in London is its size; there has been no unity among local authorities. Often a scheme the L.C.C. wanted to carry through has been thwarted by a local borough council. Censorship has been mooted in the Press, but not seriously pushed. It is therefore a matter for rejoicing that the Government is at last projecting an official censorship.

We may now hope the demoralising shows will be a thing of the past, replaced by informative and educative films, such as life in the Navy, great events in the world's history, life and industries in our Overseas Dominions, imaginary voyages and travels

across Canada, Siberia, and Africa, science, exploration, manufacturing processes. To these and many other uses the cinema can and should be put. Lessons in first-aid and housework, cookery and farming, needlework and engineering, chemistry and Bible history, physiography and many kinds of handicraft might find a place. At Washington, U.S.A., an association was recently formed to disseminate geographical, commercial, and industrial knowledge by the aid of films loaned to colleges and schools. This example set by manufacturers and transport agents is admirable.

The Craze for Liberty

The abuse of the cinema revealed in the children's courts, the schools and the streets, demonstrates the folly of overmuch liberty—the craze for liberty that becomes licence. The beloved "movies" might have accomplished a most serviceable work for the impressionable boys and girls during their most educable years had they been properly censored and the picture palaces made sanitary and as wholesome as the children's schoolrooms. The nation, obsessed with the "let be" notion, has shut its eyes to the harm being done; more and more cinemas have been filling, while Sunday-schools and churches have emptied.

Certainly uniformity of censorship, concerted action between governing bodies and film producers, and expert knowledge are necessary for the proper control of the picture shows. If the films cannot be exhibited in the school buildings, then the cinema houses must be vastly improved, germ-free, smoke-free, sweet, and wholesome. In this improvement women can do much, if the local authorities will permit them. Their moral intuitions are quick; they are sensitive to suggestiveness of evil; they have motherly instincts—at least, good ones have—and are eager to protect the child from danger to body and mind. There are numbers of middle-aged women craving to be of use at the present crisis who would prove admirable censors, and it is to be hoped their willing services will be enlisted in this way, and as attendants at every show to which young people are admitted.

(What is the correct view to take about this great question? The opinions of my readers will be welcome. Write to "The Editor, *The Quiver*, La Belle Sauvage, London E.C. 4.")

THE LETTERS SHE KEPT

By ETHEL TALBOT

I

June, 1898.

DEAR MUM,—I wish you would come home. Nana is writing this, and I am holding her hand. Puss is well, and Spot is well, and I am well; and I wish you would come home.

BOBBIN.

Spot can retrieve. I mean, not if it costs too much, of course; but you can get a ripping air-gun at Gamage's for a guinea, and we could eat the rabbits.

Darling Mum, come down to the next match if you can. All the chaps' maters are coming, and you beat them all to fits. —Your loving

BOBBIN.

P.S.—Don't forget about that gun.

II

September, 1902.

DARLING MUM,—Scool is nice, but not so nice as home. I have fort a boy—he is Graham Minor; he sed I was seven, and I am eight. But we are chums now, and we are going to shair a frog that I found. If you send that cake, send it big; there are twenty boys; and don't send a cake with seads; raisns are better, Graham Minor says, and he noes. So good-bye, darling Mum.—From

BOBBIN.

III

July, 1906.

DARLING MUM,—Thanks awfully for that tuck. It was spiffing, and all the chaps liked it; it was At. I made nine runs not cut yesterday at our match. I wish you could have come. Barnes Major says that I'll make a century some day.

Tell Dad that, and ask him what was his top score when he was twelve and three-quarters. It'll be top-hole if I'm ever in the first eleven at Rugby—won't it?

How is Spot? Tell Dad that next birthday I want a gun; not to fool round with, but a proper one, and to practise. And I'll pot no end of rabbits in the hole, and

"I have fort a boy—he is Graham Minor"

go to that, you and I. Dad'll be in Scotland, I suppose, for the grouse later on; ask him to take me along. I'm not a bad shot now, and I wouldn't disgrace him. It would be a topping finish to the hols.

Some day we'll go big-game shooting, you and I, Mum dear—won't we? Off to the Rockies or somewhere, and you shall write a beck about it when we come home. But I'd better get some practice on the m.cors first, tell Dad!

What ho! for Wednesday next and home!



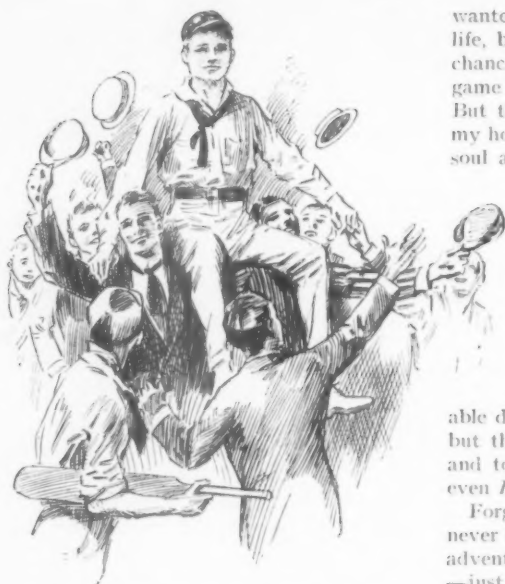
IV

July, 1910.

DARLING OLD MUM,—Thanks awfully for the hamper; the other men and I had a jolly blow-out, I can tell you. You'll be interested to hear that we beat Hepton by twenty-five runs, and as it's the first match of any decent size since I've been Captain, I'm jolly glad, I can tell you. I'll tell you all about it when I get home; it's jolly lucky that you're so keen about cricket; lots of other chaps' mothers don't care a hang about it.

I'm awfully busy making my plans for the vac. There's Gentlemen v. Players at Lord's as soon as I get back; and we'll

THE QUIVER



"We beat Hepton by twenty-five runs"

Come down and meet me, dear old Mum ;
and bring the new mare yourself, and I'll
drive you home and try her paces.—Your
devoted

BOB.

V

July, 1916.

DARLING MUM,—I have put this in with
my will, so you'll only get it if anything
happens to me.

Darling Mum, I hardly know what to say
to comfort you ; I know you will miss me
dreadfully ; but—*don't* ! Set your teeth
and worry through, and remember that I
always loved you best.

It's been you, darling, all the time that's
kept me straight and decent ; I tell you
that now ; you've been the dearest mother
a chap could have had ; the most perfect
companion and the most ripping friend.
It's difficult to express what I mean ; but
I mean it, and you'll understand.

And it's only for you and Dad that I
mind ; not for myself one bit. I've always

wanted to do something worth while in my
life, but I never really thought I'd get the
chance. I thought of lots of things—big
game shooting, and travelling, and all that.
But this has been the highest fulfilment of
my hopes : to fight for right with all my
soul and might !

And because I'm one of the very
many who have died on the way
to fulfilment, be glad for me, darling
Mum, that it has happened like
that. I wouldn't have had it other-
wise ; *I wouldn't*. It has all been so
worth while. And in time you'll be
glad, too, for you'll realise what it
means to me.

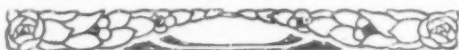
You see, it is the most honour-
able death of all ! I hadn't much to give,
but the little I offered has been accepted ;
and to the great achievement of the future
even *I* have helped.

Forgive me for all this twaddle. You'll
never see this, you know, unless the "highest
adventure" takes me ; and, if that happens
—just because you're Mum—you'll under-
stand what I mean and can't say.—Your
always devoted son,

BOBBIX.



"Your always devoted son"



A DAY OF MISADVENTURE

Being No. 6 of the Series "The Happy Club"

By GRACE GOLDEN and DOROTHY MARSH

We know not how the road will bend,
But, fearless, vision it as straight,
And, reaching late th' unlooked-for end,
Look back and know the gods are great.

"I DON'T know what you think, Mark, but my opinion is that Joyce Altman is an unprincipled little flirt. And the sooner her John comes to look after her the better I shall be pleased."

Lucy Ruddock spoke quite sharply for her, being still a very even-tempered person, with a habit of seeing the best side of everybody and ignoring their faults.

"He won't ever do that," answered her husband briefly. "He never did before, and it's too late to start now. I can't understand how they ever came to get engaged at all. I suppose Joyce thought it was the thing to do, and that he would be a nice tame man to order about and call her property."

Even this did not rouse Lucy to defend the culprit. She gave a sigh and said wistfully:

"If only she and Betty would not *always* have half a dozen men in love with them and quarrelling about them. They are both quite good nurses, you know, if it weren't for that." And she heaved another prodigious sigh, for with all her energy and tact she sometimes found it a hard task to manage successfully her "Home of Rest for Tired Soldiers and Others," as she called the big house on the lovely Lincolnshire estate at Granford that had become her property some little time after the war started, and which she had thrown open in her usual generous fashion to all those who she thought would benefit by her hospitality. It was a cheerful place on the whole, for soldiers back from the front (and these formed the majority of her guests) seem to be as unaffectedly light-hearted a set of men as it is possible to find. And in this month of early spring she had, too, quite a number of her own personal friends at Granford, including several members of the Happy Club that had been inaugurated in those far-off

thoughtless days that seemed such centuries ago—before the war.

Margaret Carr was spending a much-needed fortnight's holiday from strenuous work as a War Office clerk. Peter Trefiddian (now Sir Peter, though everyone invariably forgot to call him by his title) was there too. He had by this time recovered from his illness, and, despite his vow never again to leave his lovely Cornish home, had offered the services of his skilful pencil to his country, and was now regularly employed as a draughtsman in one of the institutions for the manufacture of artificial limbs. But he was still far from strong, and his doctor having ordered him a few weeks' change, he had taken the opportunity of meeting his old friends once more.

Lucy's husband, Mark, was also home on leave for the first time for many months—months that had tried even Lucy's unfailingly cheerful spirit more than she cared to own. She teased him in just the same old way, however, and he, for his part, seemed to be just the same precise young lawyer: as in the old days, despite his worn and mud-stained khaki. Lucy had, indeed, lost some of her old spirits, for of the two members of the Happy Club whose whole later history was summed up in those dread words "Killed in action," one was her cousin Jim Crewe, the popular, lovable boy who had been to her like a brother, and whose death was a loss that would leave a mark on her character for all time.

Lastly, there were the two Altman girls, who at the beginning of the war had been left more or less to their own devices, their American mother being in her own country at the time, and resolutely declining to risk a meeting with a submarine in any attempt to return to England. So Betty and Joyce, having tried one form of war work after another, had finally taken their V.A.D. training and settled down at Granford, where there was frequently almost as much real nursing to be done as in a regular hospital. They had turned out far more capable

THE QUIVER

workers than anyone knowing them in their fluffy, frivolous pre-war days would have expected, their only real fault being a predilection for flirting with all and sundry of their charges. However, as the said charges, generally speaking, liked being flirted with by girls as pretty as Joyce and Betty Altman, and as their flirtations were carried on openly for all the world to see, it did not matter very much. Only sometimes Lucy and others remembered that Joyce was already engaged to John Airey, and were roused to a measure of indignation as recorded above.

And now John was to make his appearance on the scene of his fiancée's latest conquests! Like all the men members of the Happy Club, he had found his entire life and outlook changed by the war, for he had been the very antithesis of the soldier before he became one himself. He had joined up, gone to the front, and seen some excessively active service, been transferred, taken his commission, and by this time had risen to the rank of captain. He was now returning from a lengthy sojourn in Egypt and Mesopotamia, to meet Joyce for the first time since the beginning of 1915, and he was coming to Granford, since invalids were many at the moment, and his fiancée could ill be spared from her daily duties.

On the day that he arrived Lucy drove Joyce to the station to meet him, and to her surprise the girl seemed a little bit nervous and lacking in her usual self-possession.

"Do you know, Lucy," she said, as they neared their destination, "I can really hardly remember what he looks like! It is such ages since I saw him, and he never writes much."

"Perhaps you don't write much either," said Lucy, half teasingly; but the sudden flush on her companion's face told her that the random shot had hit the mark. And again she wondered how such an incongruous pair as butterfly Joyce and John Airey, old and over-staid for his thirty-odd years, had ever come to be engaged to each other. She had not long for her thoughts, though, for almost as soon as they reached the little station the local train came puffing in, and they looked eagerly among the stream of passengers who alighted for the figure they expected. But there was none answering to the description they both had in their minds—that of a thin man with a slight

stoop and the clever, rather dreamy face of a scholar. For a second they thought he had not come, but only for a second, as before they had time to voice the thought their attention was caught by one of the figures in khaki on the platform. But could it be John Airey? This tall, erect, well-knit man, with quick, alert tread and a face as brown as a berry, and with nothing of the old John Airey about him except the grey hair that showed greyer than ever above his sunburnt neck? They knew it must be, and yet they gasped with astonishment as belated recognition came to them, for the change in him was so extraordinary. But if they did not know him, apparently someone else did. As he swung down the platform towards them, but before he had caught sight of them, another figure, dainty, slender, white-clad, intercepted him.

"Why, it's surely John Airey!" exclaimed a delighted voice, and they recognised Lucy's nearest neighbour, a certain sprightly young widow, Barbara Challis by name. At this moment, however, John saw them, and they all met in an excited little group. The lovers greeted each other without any lover-like demonstrations, and indeed, however much they might have wanted to say to each other, they would have had no opportunity then, for Mrs. Challis monopolised the situation in a fascinating way that was peculiarly her own. She was little more than a girl herself, her young husband having been killed early in the war, and Lucy, knowing what it would mean to her if Mark should be taken from her in a similar way, had given the young widow her ready sympathy and friendship. She had got into the habit of running in and out and chatting with the house-party at Granford whenever she felt inclined—which was frequently. Between her and the Altman girls there had always been a veiled antagonism—possibly, as the keen-eyed Margaret Carr had remarked, a veiled jealousy. For Mrs. Challis was an obvious rival in their popularity!

"Why, John and I are quite old friends," she was saying, in response to Lucy's rather bewildered remark that they seemed to know each other, "but this is the last place I ever expected to see him. How you have altered, John! I should hardly have known you. You are positively handsome! Are you staying anywhere near for long? Because if so you just must come to me for

A DAY OF MISADVENTURE

a few days for the sake of old times. There's that great house of mine with hardly anyone in it simply longing to be livened up a little. Now do say you'll come."

Lucy thought she had better intervene.

"Captain Airey is coming to Granford to be with his fiancée," she explained cheerfully, "and as they haven't met literally for years, I doubt if he will have much time to spare for any of the rest of us."

"His fiancée?" questioned the widow in a puzzled voice.

"Yes," answered Lucy, laying her hand on Joyce's arm, "didn't you know Miss Altman was engaged?"

"What—you? Engaged to John Airey? Well, this is a surprise! Of course I never dreamed you were engaged at all. It was the last thing that would have occurred to me—" She was going on to offer congratulations, but Lucy interrupted with the news that the horse was getting restive, and that they really must consider his feelings. She felt annoyed at the episode, and in some way irritated with Mrs. Challis. The half-malicious meaning in the pretty widow's voice as she expressed her surprise that Joyce should prove to be an engaged girl made her angry, less perhaps on the girl's own account than on John's. He, however, for his part seemed to notice no awkwardness in the situation, but conversed on the drive back in an easy, sociable fashion that was as new to him as was his altered appearance.

"He's improved, not a doubt about it," said Lucy, discussing him later with her husband and Peter and Margaret, all of whom had, of course, known the John Airey of the old days.

"Yes," agreed Mark, "but then the Army does wake a man up, if he's a man at all."

"I always felt there was more in Airey than met the eye," remarked Peter. "But I can't say that he strikes me as being any more likely to 'look after Joyce,' as I think you put it, Mrs. Ruddock, than he was before. They seem, well, quite *affable*, but nothing more."

"In my humble opinion," said Margaret in her decisive way, "this is a case of the plot thickening, as they say in the melodramas, and I for one shan't be surprised if within the next few days we see—what we shall see! No, I refuse to be drawn, but I

will just say this—keep on watching our friend the widow!"

"You don't like her, I know, Margaret," put in Lucy, "and I must say she exasperated me to-day, too. Fancy turning up here again so soon, after I had shaken her off so determinedly at the station! And then the artful way in which she found out that Joyce would be on duty to-morrow—idiot that I was not to see what she was getting at!—before she asked him to lunch. But, anyway, I don't see that I can interfere. The man seems absolutely capable of taking care of himself now, and I'm sure Joyce ought to be. They must fight it out among themselves."

"He seemed pleased enough to go," added Mark thoughtfully, "and I can't help feeling it does rather serve Miss Joyce right! Anyhow, we seem booked as spectators at a very pretty little comedy."

"Well, I hope it will be only a comedy," amended kind-hearted Lucy, in whose nature, as Margaret often complained, malice was practically a minus quantity.

John certainly did seem pleased enough to go anywhere and everywhere at Barbara Challis's invitation in the days that followed, and Lucy, watching the three principal actors in the "comedy," found herself quite at a loss to understand their real feelings or to decide how the whole thing would end. More than once Mrs. Challis hinted that there had been something more than friendship between herself and John Airey in the past, and it seemed really a possible solution that he was still more in love with her than with the girl to whom he was engaged. From his manner it did not appear that he was happier with one of them than the other, but then Barbara had a way of monopolising men and so manœuvring that they had to fall in with her plans with a good grace. John went to lunch with her more than once, and always seemed to enjoy her company, but no one could have accused him of going out of his way to cultivate her society on his own account. On the other hand, nobody would have thought that he and Joyce were an engaged couple re-united after a long and trying separation. They were friendly, but apparently that was all, and in truth the girl did not seem to pay more attention to her lover than she did to one or two of her patients, perhaps not so much. To the interested onlookers it was a

THE QUIVER

difficult puzzle to solve. Lucy began to be of opinion that if they really cared for each other only as casually as they appeared to do, it was a pity they did not break off the engagement and have done with it at once. But—*did they?*



John Airey was kicking his heels in the hall at Granford—literally as well as figuratively, for he was standing by one of the long low windows tapping impatiently with first one foot and then the other on the woodwork below. He turned abruptly at the sound of footsteps and the rustle of a woman's dress. It was Barbara Challis, brisk and trim in a white serge coat and skirt, and obviously pleased to see him.

"Morning, John," she said, and gave him a mock salute. "I was hoping I should find you by yourself. All these new friends of yours are all very well, but sometimes the old ones like to see a little of you."

Her words were light, but the glance she threw at him as she said them was appealing.

"I am waiting for Joyce," said John bluntly.

"But don't go," he added hastily, as she turned as though to go away with a little shrug of her pretty shoulders. "We are only going for a walk; she is off duty quite soon."

"Then I'll stop and talk to you till she comes," was the gracious retort, as she seated herself on the window-sill beside him, a slim, graceful figure, with her dark head resting against the old panelling behind.

"But here she is," she exclaimed, as a girl's figure in nurse's uniform came running along the passage that led from what Lucy called "the wards," namely, the best rooms in the house, which were set apart exclusively for those among her protégés who were really ill.

"No, it's Betty," said John. "They are awfully alike."

Now between Betty Altman and Mrs. Challis there was by this time an undying enmity, springing, if the truth must be told, from their rivalry over a certain patient, a handsome young subaltern, Jack Hayes by name, who had been Betty's private and particular property until the fascinations of the widow seemed to have lured his heart away. So now the girl vouchsafed her the

merest nod in acknowledgment of her presence.

"Joyce sent me to tell you," she said, addressing herself pointedly to John, "that she can't come yet after all. She can't get off until after lunch, as Captain Green is very bad again, and the sister in charge of him has gone out for the day. You see, he was so well this morning."

"Poor Captain Green!" murmured Mrs. Challis. "But it's an ill wind that blows nobody good, and I'm the lucky one this time. You can't refuse now, John. I've got the car outside, and we'll just run into Melford and back. I want to do some shopping before lunch. I am sure Miss Altman will be pleased to think you have someone to amuse you. Won't she?" she ended, appealing to Betty.

"She *may*," answered Betty icily, "though personally I should have thought he was capable of amusing himself for a few hours. Do as you like, of course, John. Joyce isn't in the least likely to mind." And she turned on her heel and marched off, while Barbara Challis flushed and looked pathetically at her companion.

"Now what have I done?" she asked with a little grimace. "I didn't mean anything. Of course, it does seem to an outsider that Joyce would *not* be 'in the least likely to mind,' and that she is not always very keen on your society when she can have it. Oh, I beg your pardon! I ought not to have said that," she went on hurriedly, seeing that John had flushed in his turn; "but I hardly ever now see anyone to remind me of the dear old days, and she surely would not grudge me this little scrap of pleasure." She ended with a ghost of a sigh, and her mouth drooped at the corners like a child's.

"Of course she wouldn't," put in John, in a worried voice, "and I'll be very glad indeed to come. But we must be back in good time; she will be off duty by three."

It was, however, long past three before the truants put in an appearance again at Granford, and Lucy, to whom Betty had indignantly confided the whole story, was inclined to sympathise with her condemnation of the culprits.

"It was a mean thing to do," she said, "and no girl would like it. He *ought* to have been back punctually at any rate. What did Joyce say?"



* Joyce was beside him in an instant, and between them they had conquered the flames "—p. 617.

Gwynne by
Noel Harold

THE QUIVER

"Nothing," said Betty. "I told her that if I were her I'd tell him to go to his old widow!"

Betty was younger and, if anything, prettier than Joyce herself, and she was inclined to a freedom of speech that might not always have been forgiven in anyone less attractive.

"It's blowing most frightfully hard, too," put in Mark, who had come in a minute before. "I doubt if they do get back. You know it's only an open car, that little one she drives herself, and the road from Melford is open to the sea nearly all the way. And Airey doesn't drive—it's one of the things he can't do. Listen to it: we're in for one of the real old Lincolnshire gales, I fancy."

"Here they are," cried Lucy suddenly, as she gazed anxiously out of the window, "but it isn't Mrs. Challis driving—it's Margaret surely. And John Airey doesn't appear to be there at all. What can have happened?"

The wind was indeed furious, and as the front door was opened such a blast came howling in as almost knocked them down. Margaret Carr, her face rosy and her eyes sparkling, let go of the steering-wheel and jumped out. John's head then suddenly appeared from the floor, where he had apparently been sitting, and he helped Mrs. Challis carefully out.

"Such a piece of luck," said Margaret briskly. "Peter and I were out for a walk on the shore, and we were wondering how we should ever get home through this storm when we ran across these people. Mrs. Challis had suddenly turned faint and couldn't drive any more, and Captain Airey had run them into a ditch twice and then given it up. We found them in a ditch, by the way"—she laughed—"and I know now that not for nothing was I the vicar's daughter and jack-of-all-trades at home, with a knowledge of most things, including the driving of a car and the efficient salving of same from ditches! Peter's coming on behind."

"I hope he'll be all right," said Lucy anxiously.

"Oh, I'm going back for him," explained Margaret, who meantime had been turning the little car round, and in a minute she was off again.

"A most ignominious return," said John,

trying to speak lightly, but, Lucy fancied, looking a wee bit ashamed of himself.

"Oh, what a fool I am!" moaned Barbara Challis, "to have upset you all like this. But storms and wind always make me ill; I can't stand this sort of weather at all." She looked round her with a terrified air, and just then Joyce came down the stairs towards the group.

"Oh, Miss Altman!" went on the widow, seeming to recover her presence of mind, "I don't know how to apologise for making John miss his appointment with you. As a matter of fact we were later in starting back than we meant to be, and although he told me not to hurry, I guessed you would be expecting him, so I put on the pace, and I think I overdid it."

"As far as I was concerned," said Joyce in a perfectly even, unconcerned voice, "it didn't matter the very least bit. I was really too busy to come anyway, as, although Captain Green is better, he would have got dreadfully miserable if he had been left by himself at all. I have only just come from him. But you poor things," she added solicitously, "have been rather terribly punished for dawdling."

"They have," agreed Lucy, "and I really think that you had better make up your mind to stay here all night." She addressed the widow, who had sunk, white and exhausted, on a couch. "The storm is getting worse instead of better, and I don't see how you can possibly get back. There is a little room in the west wing empty if you wouldn't mind sleeping there, but we are so full up that I can't offer you anything more elaborate."

Mrs. Challis was only too grateful and relieved, though she hesitated and demurred at first because of the trouble she felt she would be giving. However, when Margaret and Peter, whom she had picked up struggling on his homeward way, appeared a few minutes later, they reported that it was practically impossible to get along at all.

"That settles it, then," said Lucy. "You *must* stay. I'll go and see about your room at once, as I really think the wisest thing you can do is to go straight to bed."

But almost before the last word was out of her mouth there was a terrifying crash, and the house shook as though it were about to fall upon them. Then came lesser

A DAY OF MISADVENTURE

crashes and rumblings, and shrieks from other parts of the house.

There was instant confusion, everyone running here and there to discover what had happened, and in the general pandemonium nobody apparently, except Lucy, noticed that Barbara Challis, screaming as though in an extremity of terror, had flung herself into John's arms for protection. What he did she did not stop to see, but as a few minutes later she found him beside her working and helping, she presumed he did not spend very long over the task of reassuring her.

The explanation of the seeming earthquake was the fall of an enormous old tree that stood, as Mark had more than once pointed out, a little too near the house to be altogether safe. The violence of the storm had proved too much for its stability, and it had fallen with prodigious force against the eastern end, breaking much of the brickwork and smashing an innumerable quantity of windows. Luckily no one was seriously injured, though one or two of the men who happened to be in their rooms on that side of the house had received slight cuts from flying bits of broken glass. These had to be attended to promptly, of course, and a kitchen-maid who could not at first be convinced that it was neither the end of the world nor an invasion of the Germans, had to be treated for an obstinately violent fit of hysterics. Finally beds had to be moved from the uninhabitable rooms and ranged in close order in other, already occupied, apartments, which took on the appearance of regular hospital wards, while the broken windows were patched up for the night as best they could be with paper and boards. Amid the numerous demands on her attention Lucy forgot all about her uninvited guest for a long time, but presently she remembered her existence and asked Joyce if she knew anything about her.

"I tucked her up on a couch in the small hall," said Joyce. "She seemed so upset and hysterical that I gave her a sedative, and when she was quieter told her to lie still and try to go to sleep. Perhaps I'd better go and have a look at her."

The "small hall" opened out of the big entrance hall at Granford and was really used as a large room, being in all respects like one, except that several doors opened

on to it and there was a staircase in one corner.

Coming to the top of these stairs, Joyce stopped, thinking that she could look down, and if Barbara should still be asleep, go away again without disturbing her. As she craned over to get a view of the place where she had left her, she clutched the banisters suddenly and caught her breath as if utterly astounded at what she saw. Even as she gazed there came from below a terrified scream, followed by another and another, and in a second Joyce was flying down the stairs as a spurt of flame arose from the rugs among which Mrs. Challis was lying.

But someone else was even quicker than she was. Before she could reach the spot, a door at the opposite end of the hall was flung open, and John Airey, taking the intervening space in a stride or two, was giving battle to the fire. Joyce was beside him in an instant, and between them they had conquered the flames and were trying to soothe the still screaming woman before Lucy and the others, attracted by the noise, arrived on the scene.

"Goodness!" exclaimed Lucy, trying to gather the facts from the babel of talk that arose; "as if we hadn't had enough for one evening! Now, Mrs. Challis, do try to be calm and tell us what did happen."

"I was asleep," was the incoherent reply, "and I woke up all of a sudden with the lamp tumbling on to me, and it flared up before I could stop it. Miss Altman must have left it too near me—perhaps I knocked it while I was asleep."

"I——" began Joyce indignantly, but suddenly she stopped, as if she had changed her mind about something, and no one noticed that she had spoken at all.

"Well, thank goodness there's no worse damage done than a burnt rug," said harassed Lucy. "Come along now, Mrs. Challis, there is a room ready for you, and I think the best thing I can do for you is to put you to bed, after all the shocks you have had." And she carried her off determinedly, while more than one person heaved a sigh of relief.

Joyce, hurrying back to finish off various jobs that still waited, presently found John beside her, clearing up the debris in a corner room that had suffered more damage from the storm's fury than most.

THE QUIVER

"Careless thing for a nurse to do," he remarked, "leaving a lamp like that."

"Perhaps," was all the answer she vouchsafed.

"Look here," said John in a different tone, "what are you shielding her for?"

Joyce jumped.

"Shielding her?" she questioned feebly.

"Yes. You saw that she did it herself. I know, because I saw you looking over her deliberately pull that lamp towards her and upset it before she began to scream. I should have stopped her, only it all happened so quickly. I'm bothered if I can make out what she did it for myself, but she always had a way of doing inexplicable things. I went through the hall a minute or two before to find something in the smoking-room, and although she didn't speak, it struck me she was awake. So she would know that I could come to her assistance pretty quickly, and that there would be no real damage done. I was just coming back and saw what she did through the crack of the door. And now, in addition to the mystery of her apparently mad action, here are you refusing to defend yourself when she as good as says it's all your fault. I don't know what's come to everybody, upon my word."

Joyce, struggling with an unusual desire to weep, suddenly made up her mind to have the whole thing out once and for all.

"I haven't really decided myself why I didn't give her away, so I can't tell you," she said, "but I think the chief thing was that I thought that if you were going to marry her you might as well think she was as nice as possible."

"Marry her?" cried John.

"M'm," said his fiancée, looking him straight in the eyes. "You'd got your arms round her just at the minute, if you remember, and when the tree first fell she clung round your neck, and really one can only come to the conclusion that there is, so to speak, something in it."

Having said which with a great show of vigour and determination, Joyce suddenly turned away and began to cry quietly and miserably. John looked at her for a second with the air of a man for whom surprises have reached the limit. Then he took a step towards her, and, with the new masterfulness that he had acquired, he took her

in his arms and began to speak in a low voice, while Joyce turned her head till it rested on his shoulder, and went on crying, but apparently more contentedly.

"There is nobody on earth," said his lover, "that I want to marry except you. I can honestly say there has never been anything between me and Barbara Challis that all the world couldn't know about. I do seem to have seen a good deal of her since I've been here, but it has just happened. And I didn't bother to keep out of her way at all, because, in the first place, we were such old friends—I knew her when I was ten years old, as you know—and so it didn't strike me you would be jealous, and also because, well, I *have* been wondering whether you cared at all for me, Joyce. You know you haven't appeared to much, and really from that point of view as well it didn't seem to matter what I did. Let's have the truth now and know where we are. Do you care for me at all? Because nowadays I don't want you to marry me if you don't, even though I shall never marry anyone else. And if you do, why have you been tormenting me by flirting with all the men in the place?"

Joyce's tears had ceased by this time. She hesitated a minute before she answered:

"I don't seem able to help flirting just a little when men like me, but really, John, I don't mean any harm, and I never go very far. And perhaps I've done it a bit more lately just to make you jealous, because Mrs. Challis *did* drop hints that you were in love with her, you know. But I'll never do it any more if it upsets you, because, although for a long time I was only sort of fond of you, I—I do love you now, John."

And this seemed to satisfy him entirely.



It was a good deal later that Lucy, having seen all the invalids safely disposed for the night and sent the tired and excited servants to bed, proposed a belated cocoa party round the hall fire for the rest of the household before they too retired. Some were so sleepy that they preferred to go straight to bed; and as Lucy looked round on the little band that presently yawned and talked and made and drank cups of steaming cocoa, she suddenly exclaimed:

"Why, we are all Happy Clubbers, I do believe! Isn't that funny?"

A DAY OF MISADVENTURE

And so they were, Margaret and Peter, Joyce and Betty and John Airey, Lucy and Mark.

"This is a coincidence," exclaimed Margaret. "Peter and I were talking about the Happy Club only this afternoon. The Lincolnshire coast is really not at all unlike what we used to see day after day at Knocke, and it put us in mind of old times."

"Same wide stretch of sea—same sandhills and grey dune grass—same colour even sometimes." Peter spoke dreamily, the artist's soul of him showing in his eyes as he thought of the beauty of the earth he so loved.

"Same people," added John, "or some of them. And some of them very happy!" He looked at his sweetheart as he spoke, and she smiled back at him.

"Happy, of course!" Margaret's voice was determined, but the little sigh that escaped after the words showed that, despite all her pluck, the time of waiting for her Martin to come back from "somewhere in France" was proving a strain. Lucy looked up in quick sympathy.

"Yes, I know," she said, answering the unspoken thought, "I feel like that when Mark's away." And for a moment the thoughts of all of them flew to that not far distant land of strife, where Martin St. Clair was then, where Mark soon would be again, and from which jolly red-haired Jim and Almerie St. Clair would never now return. There was a little pause, the pause in which one toasts absent friends, without the words that will not come.

"Anyhow, Monica Mainwaring is happy," went on Lucy suddenly, in a brisk voice from which all emotion was carefully erased. "You remember the exquisite Monica? She is married to a country doctor and working like a Trojan herself and thoroughly en-

joying it. And another happy person is Frances Colvin. I heard from her yesterday, but forgot to tell you. She married, too, you know—a great burly Canadian. We met him once, and at first I wasn't altogether sure it was going to be a success. But they're out in Canada now, and she writes so enthusiastically. And the baby is the most wonderful child that ever was born! There's no doubt about it—she is happy."

"So am I—very happy," remarked Betty, in such a meaning tone that they all looked at her.

"Why, Betty!" cried Joyce. "Who is it?"

Betty blushed.

"I didn't say it was anybody," she said, "but, as a matter of fact, it is Jack Hayes, and we're engaged. He was cut with a bit of glass, you see, and I was frightened, and so—it happened," she ended lucidly, and a chorus of congratulation greeted her news.

"I believe we are all happy," said Peter, "in spite of the unpleasant things that have happened to most of us since we formed the club. Or perhaps because of them," he added wisely, "for it seems to me that one can't be really awfully happy unless one knows what it is to be miserable."

"Just as we appreciate cups of cocoa and the thought of a night's rest," said Mark, with a gravity belied by the twinkle in his eye, "all the more because of the uncommonly harassing evening we have all had. Here's to the Happy Club, and may we never lack cocoa to drink it in!"

They laughed and drank.

"Did you notice John Airey holding Joyce's hand?" asked Lucy, as she and her husband wearily climbed the stairs. "Thank goodness those two are properly in love with each other at last!"

[THE END.]



MRS. GEO. DE HORNE VAIZEY

A Tribute

By THE EDITOR

A PERSONALITY never dies; the person passes away, the body fades, but such a bright, winsome, whole-hearted personality as that of the late Mrs. George de Horne Vaizey remains as an inspiration to her friends, even though the spirit has had its release from the frail, troublesome flesh.

Mrs. Vaizey was essentially one who rose above earthly limitations—if it were not so, that wide circle of readers could never have been created and maintained: for years bodily affliction kept her a prisoner in her chair, yet she lived keenly and in close touch with all that was going on. As her stories show, she was ever alive to the passing phase, and ready, whilst loving the old, to welcome the new. Those who knew her first by her letters—so bright and vivacious—were surprised when they came to see her to find an invalid. But the first impression so soon wore off: it was the spirit that was fresh and joyous, perfectly healthy and untouched by outward chains.

The few interviews I had with Mrs. Vaizey are precious memories. I first met her at an old-fashioned house in the West End of London, at the time when she was writing "Cynthia Charrington" for THE QUIVER—some seven or eight years ago, I suppose. She afterwards moved to a Hampstead flat, where I met her again. It was a delightful room in which she wrote and received her visitors. Inside, a restful colour harmony in which cream walls, dark oak, and blue carpet all played their part. Outside, the two big windows gave wide-stretching views,

the one over Hampstead Heath, the other over London. One can imagine how Mrs. de Horne Vaizey, with her gay, eager interest in whatever of life her invalid condition allowed her to touch, must have loved those views.

"We saw all three Zepps brought down, watching from this window," said Mr. Vaizey, in giving some reminiscences for this article, and he proceeded to tell a characteristic story of how his wife had insisted on getting up from bed, and being taken into the dining-room in her wheeled chair to see the Zeppelin which subsequently came to grief at Potters Bar. He had tried to dissuade her, on the ground that, firstly, it was a pity in her invalid state to get out of bed in the middle of the night; secondly, she would have to rick her neck to see anything, as the Zepp was right overhead; and, thirdly, she would probably be bombed!

"It doesn't matter what happens—I must see it!" was her answer, and it was she, in point of fact,

who had the triumph of first discovering that the monster had been hit. "Hurrah! They've got the beastly thing!" she exclaimed, watching through the field-glasses—and in another moment the sky was all lit up with the rosy glare that set five million people wildly cheering.

It was just like her—that determination not to miss any exciting experience which came her way. Always—even during those last years when arthritis in its worst form left her with no prospect but that of getting gradually worse and more helpless, until at



*Believe me,
Yours faithfully
George de Horne Vaizey*

MRS. GEO. DE HORNE VAIZEY

length she would not be able so much as to wash her face or feed herself—she kept that zest of life which often seems to go with Irish descent. In this case the descent was not Irish, but pure Highland Scotch on both sides—she was a distant cousin of Gladstone's, by the way. Probably the quick sympathy is much the same in both races, and it is that sympathy which gives a wonderful power of ever-springing happiness when to more self-centred natures there would seem to be nothing left worth living for.

Mrs. de Horne Vaizey always lived so much, and so vividly, in other people's lives. A stay at an hotel put her into touch at once with a whole new set of friends—to her there were no such beings as mere indifferent acquaintances. People interested her far more intensely than places.

"Do you see that woman over there?" she would say to her husband of some stranger; "I'll tell you all about her!"—and she would, though all she knew was what her quick instinct divined from face and gesture. No wonder she often came away from the hotel with six new stories in her head!

That same keenness of sympathy and interest gave her a perfect genius for friendship. Not only to her husband and son and daughter, but to a whole wide circle of friends and relations besides, the world is an emptier place now, less because of the loss of Mrs. de Horne Vaizey, the brilliant writer, than because an intensely loving and lovable woman has gone. Always she was doing something kind for somebody.

Many of the kindnesses were full of that spirit of joyous fun which was native to her. For instance, a friend who had to undergo a serious operation was enlivened

by a delightful illustrated poem, contrasting the dowdiness which had made the average sick-room of fifty years ago a depressing place, with the dainty smartness which makes a modern woman no less attractive in illness than in health. On another occasion the official report of "a beautiful night" was humorously commented on by a sheet of notepaper on which the invalid was represented in bed, haunted by all the striking clocks, trams, Zeppelins, and nightmares,

which, as the author-ess implied—it is to be hoped with some little exaggeration!—had made the "beautiful night" anything but peaceful in reality.

Those humorous illustrations of Mrs. de Horne Vaizey's were things of joy. She made them by an ingenious combination of bits cut from advertisement pictures, and her own peculiarly expressive rough sketching.

She was astonishingly versatile. The rooms of her Hampstead flat are all decorated with specimens of her wonderful "needlework pictures." In the dining-room is one showing "1800" and "1900." In "1800" two girls, in the funnel-shaped bonnets and hoop skirts that were worn while George the Third was reigning, have their heads very close together over some scandal. In "1900" three damsels, in the huge hats and dashing costumes which marked the new century, are bending over a tea-table evidently absorbed in that same fascinating pursuit of picking a friend's character to pieces. The "1800" frocks—so Mr. de Horne Vaizey explained—were cut out of dresses actually worn at that time by two great-aunts of his own. Other parts of the picture looked like the most delicate painting, and it was only on close examination that it became clear that a

Dear Mr. Mellicams.
I forward herewith
the Cinema story which I
hope you will approve
The ending is not too
optimistic happy one—but
I believe it will be
a help and comfort to
some of your readers
Will you let me know
what month you
propose to publish

Part of a letter from Mrs. Vaizey referring to her story on page 591.

THE QUIVER

needle, not a brush, had formed the colour strands.

Less sprightly, but even more exquisite, was a needlework flower-garden that hung on the bedroom wall, looking for all the world like one of those pictures of gay borders that one sees every year at the Academy. There were other needlework pictures in the room, no less lovely; and Mr. de Horne Vaizey said that most of the very best had been given away to friends. It gave one a vivid impression of the clever fingers that were always busy with needle, pencil, or pen. Whatever she did had the same quality of brilliant facility.

Writing for the Fun of it

Her writing was always something spontaneous and joyful. She wrote for the fun of it—not because, like some authors, she had made it a rule to turn out a certain quantity every day. Her husband laughed at the very idea. "Oh dear, no," he said, "she just wrote when the impulse came. She was fond of saying of herself that she was 'nothing if not inaccurate,' and certainly the idea of writing according to routine would have been quite foreign to her."

The truth was that writing came so naturally that she had no need to acquire the trade by constant labour and pains, as some, even of those who afterwards become famous, have to do. As a nursery child she told stories to an enthralled circle of brothers and sisters; and she was only fifteen when her first tale was published in a local paper. Five times in the course of her life she entered for a story competition, and four times out of the five she won the prize, while on the fifth occasion she was second!

Gathering Story Material

Each fresh experience as it came provided her with material for new stories. "The Rose-Coloured Thread," for instance, was suggested by the tour to Egypt and Constantinople which led to her becoming engaged to Mr. de Horne Vaizey, who was a fellow-traveller. "Pixie" owed her origin to a ten days' visit to Ireland, the only acquaintance the writer had with that country, by the way. "The Salt of Life" grew out of memories of her early youth.

"Did she talk over the characters much as she was writing the stories?"

"Sometimes she did," said Mr. de Horne

Vaizey. "Not so very much, though. She used to laugh and say, 'What's the good of talking over the books with you? you don't read them'; and I used to say, 'Yes, I do sometimes, but what's the good of suggesting plots to you?—you never use them.' She was always saying that if only somebody would give her a plot, she would make a story out of it, but when I gave her really fine plots—things that had actually happened—she always said, 'Oh, I couldn't work up that.' With certain of her books I helped her, though."

Really, Mrs. Vaizey was amazingly good at "working up" other people's suggestions—as I can personally testify. If I had in mind some special number of *THE QUIVER*—a Mothers' and Daughters' Number, for instance—it was sufficient to tell Mrs. Vaizey the sort of thing that was wanted—or even to give a crude outline of the plot—and she would turn out an exquisitely fresh, living word-photograph of people whom one could recognise and love. The last story she wrote is printed in this number, and readers will be interested in the letter with which she forwarded it. It will indeed be "a help and comfort" to many.

The World's Tragedy

It was the War that first really clouded the merry spirit which had been so gallantly gay through all personal misfortune. She, who was ardently patriotic, and who felt other people's joys and sorrows as her own, could not but be crushed and overwhelmed by the world's tragedy. Through friends and relations it wounded her at point after point. Two nephews—one dear to her as a son—were killed at the War.

No doubt grief reacted on the frail, crippled body, and made her illness worse. An operation revealed trouble that must have caused worse suffering if she had lived longer, and when she passed away on January 23rd, those who loved her the most dearly were unselfish enough "not to grudge her her release"—to adapt the words of the pathetic hero of her story "Making Good." Only the world is a drearier, emptier place now she is gone.

"She was always such a vivid person," said her husband, summing up the whole impression of her in those few words—"is such a vivid person!" he corrected himself quickly.

CONVERSATION CORNER

Conducted by THE EDITOR

Your Favourite Recreation

WHAT is your favourite recreation? You may say that this is not a "matter of urgent national importance"—to adopt the phraseology of the day. But it is. Apart from the well-known proverb that "all work and no play," etc., and the appropriate agricultural illustration that the land must periodically lie fallow, just now we are able to take our recreation by "change of occupation," and it is by this ringing the changes on work that we are all hoping to win the war! First, of course, come the soldiers: they are practically all amateurs, and although they would take the simile of "recreation" unkindly, still it certainly is a most drastic change of occupation, and they are all of them "playing the game."



National Service

THEN comes National Service. I am much interested in National Service, partly, it must be owned, through the constant references in the papers to the Utilisation of the Help of Professional Men. Men who, in times past, have been earning all sorts of wonderful incomes, from a thousand a year and upwards, have been writing to the papers explaining how much they are worth to the nation if they were taken on for similar work—at a similar salary. Furthermore, one or two of my friends have suddenly blossomed out as really important people, fresh recruits in the army of Government officials that are now covering the land. In a whisper it is explained what wonderful salaries they are now drawing, and what important work they are now doing—in getting other people to work, I suppose. So great was my interest in this subject that the other night I dreamt that Mr. Lloyd

George sent for me, said he had been reading an article of mine in *THE QUIVER*, and wished me, in the national interest, to undertake the office of — Here, unfortunately, my dream ended, and, to my undying regret, I shall never know what position of high honour and importance I was destined to occupy. I shall still be interested in National Service, but my difficulties are elementary, and fall under two heads: firstly, which of all those mysterious and fascinating jobs should I be suited for; and secondly, how in the name of all that is wonderful do quite ordinary people, such as myself, manage to find their way into them? When these two little problems are settled my readers may expect to find me blossoming out as Chief Controller of the Potato Peelings Department in the Food Dictator's Office, or Sub-District Inspector of the Supply of Watercress and Flowers for Women Munition Workers. I promise, if appointed to either of these high positions, to fulfil my duties with the most exemplary exactitude—and to edit *THE QUIVER* in my spare time, for I am sure no one could conceive of a Government Department where the hours were not eleven to four. Alas, these visions of patriotic endeavour must, surely, be confined to the world of dreams as far as I am concerned, so I must fall back on that form of recreation-service that all of us are indulging in under the guise of "adding to the food supply."



The Tale of a War-Time Patch

NEVER until these last few weeks have I had such sympathy with the agricultural labourer. True, for two years past I have had a plot of land—call it an allotment, to be up to date—wherein to produce war-time vegetables. The first year I was

THE QUIVER

told that the land had been granted to me partly in order to find occupation for the unemployed. Consequently, a very well-bearded individual, who said he was a jobbing gardener, broke up the soil at my expense, put in a few plants, and sure enough, in due course, I had some cabbages—each of which, I estimated, cost me two shillings!



"Personal" Service

THIS year it was useless to look for even the vaguest of jobbing gardeners, and, besides, the fashion has been to dig oneself. I have duly spent some days "on the land," and can testify that of all the back-aching occupations, "trenching" is the hardest and the slowest. True, there are different ways of going about it. In the neighbourhood in which I dwell it has become a habit, a craze—almost a ritual. Old men and boys, women and C3's have valiantly attacked land hugely greater than their capacity, with a ferocity and optimism that speaks highly for the eternal youth of our race. The way they have dug up brick-bats and paths in the waste lands adjoining our roads has been truly marvellous. But I do notice that, for the beginner, all that is necessary is to dig the first trench very deep, and then get shallower and shallower until you end simply with turning over the top soil. This, when finished, looks vastly similar to a properly dug field, and is infinitely easier. Alas, I have tried that method in the two past seasons, and know to my cost that it will not do. So my digging this year has had to be of the thorough order.



Some Compensations

IF digging is laborious and back-aching work, it has its compensations. I can truly testify that never before have I realised the beauty of the springtime, never felt the fascination of mother earth, never entered so into communion with Nature, as when digging away at the plot of land at the back of the house. After all, agriculture is at the back of everything, and despite wind and weather, toil and disappointments, the land has its mysterious compensations. There is no war-time recreation that will take the mind so completely and so satisfactorily off one's worries and sorrows as this primary tilling

of the soil. But there are other recreations for rainy days.

I think there has been a return to the reading habit of late; it may be the more superficial kind of reading mostly, but I am told that books are more and more in demand—and many of them the more solid order. I devoutly hope this is so, because I believe that, for many people, in reading lies their hope of salvation. Instead of brooding on the evils of the times we want to get right away into the larger world that reading so quickly supplies. Do not too lightly drop your reading.



A Walking Holiday

ANOTHER recreation that ought to have a war-time vogue is—walking! When engines and trains are wanted for the war, and petrol is taboo, we ought more and more to get our recreation by walking. Apropos of this, Miss Agnes M. Miall has narrated her experiences of walking-tour holidays for women in an article, "Vagabonds Afoot," for my June number.



Woman Substitutes

THOSE of my women readers who have taken up work in banks or Government establishments—as a recreation or a necessity—will be interested in an article on "Woman Substitutes" in my June number. Is this great army of woman substitutes "making good"?—and what will be its future after the war? This is an important contribution to a vital problem of to-day.

Since the holding of the "Cinema Commission" there has been a great deal of discussion on this particular form of recreation. What do my readers think of the two articles in this number? I am hoping to have a "reply" to Miss Barnard's serious indictment in my next issue, and welcome the opinions of readers.

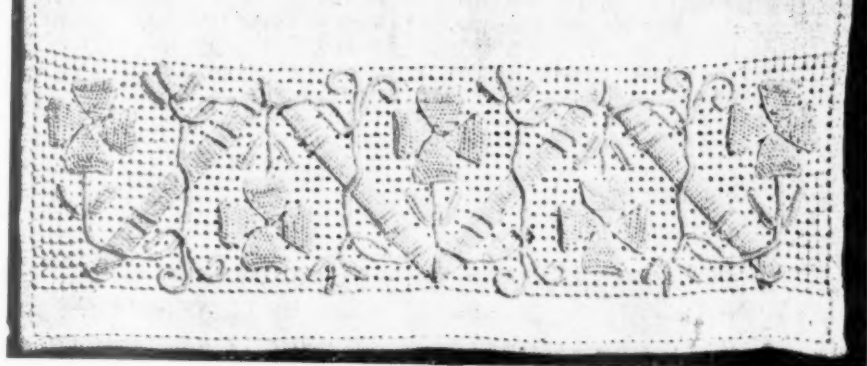


When You Write to Me

I AM always glad to hear from my readers. When you write to me, please note the new and correct postal address: "The Editor, THE QUIVER, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C. 4."

The Editor

The Home Department



SOME ITALIAN FANCY WORK

THIS beautiful work has not been known very long in England, though it has been done in Italy for many years. Little seems to be known of its original history, and no mention of it is to be found in any of the old books on needlework.

There are many beautiful patterns. The one shown on this little bag is not difficult. Great care must be taken to get the right linen and thread, otherwise the work never looks right. A firm, even linen must be used, one of which the warp and weft threads are the same thickness.

In some linen only one thread need be drawn, but it will generally be found better to draw two, and work over four, as this throws up the design. The worker must judge for herself which looks better. In the illustration two have been drawn.

How to Make the Bag

Measure off the size required, allowing for a narrow hem, then decide at what distance

from the edge you will work the border. In this case mark about one-tenth of the whole length for the line where the work begins.

Draw out one thread, being very careful not to let it pull from the hem. It is a good plan when the thread is partly drawn to cut it about six threads from the hem, and then draw it out, and tuck it under the hem, thus avoiding a raw edge. Leave four threads, draw two; and so on until forty-two threads are drawn. This will make twenty-one rows of holes, which seems to be the general width of all the border patterns.

First do the hem all round the bag in hemstitching, taking up four threads.



One of the uses to which this work can be applied.

THE QUIVER

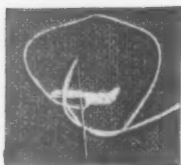


Fig. 1

The Background

Fasten the thread firmly at the top corner of the border, and backstitch over four threads with a vertical stitch in between every group of four. The illustrations show

exactly how to proceed. After working the first horizontal backstitch, put the needle in four threads down, and bring it out four to the left, and four above. Finish the row, end off the thread, and begin again from the right-hand side as before.

This is important, as otherwise the work alternates and produces a striped instead of an all-over appearance. Another point needing care is to be quite sure that the same four threads are backstitched on every row, as the raised work is afterwards done on this foundation.

The Raised Work

For the thick bar, about which the trailing design is arranged, padding cotton, or very thick soft thread, forms the foundation, and this is closely covered with the linen thread. In the example illustrated, four strands of padding cotton are used.

Place the padding cotton in position and firmly fasten the ends. Count the holes covered by the first straight length. Always leave one row of holes beyond the thick bar, so that it does not completely cover the background.

It is a good plan for a beginner to run a coloured thread where this thick bar comes, so that it is even and the space can be regulated. The bar of padding cotton is held by buttonholing as illustrated.

The stitches must be quite

regular, and this is easy if the diagonal of holes is followed.

A beginner might be apt to put the first row of stitches too close together in her anxiety to cover the padding cotton. This would take away from the effect, the covering being done by the number of the second working threads, and not the nearness of the first row of stitches.

The loops of the buttonholing are an equal distance apart. To avoid crowding the inner edge of the curve, a few stitches only half way across may be done at each bend.

In doing the first row care must be taken not to pull the thread tight, for the next stitches will make the work pucker unless the threads are easy.

The entire length of padding must be sewn in place before the next stitches can be done. When this is done, begin at the beginning of the

padding cotton, and pick up each thread, leaving the working thread on the right-hand side of the needle, as in doing outline stitch. Finish one row, and begin at the beginning again, and so on until all the padding cotton is covered with even rows of stitches. It ought to lie quite evenly, not twisting at all. The thread used for this is thicker than that used for the background.

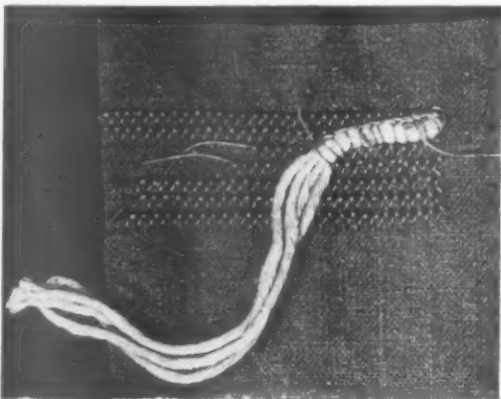
Be careful to use the thread the right way, otherwise it roughens and twists, and try to have sufficient thread to finish a row, as joins do not look well.

The Flowers

Find the centre row of holes from the top of the vandyke. In this pattern it is seven.



Fig. 2.



This forms the foundation of the raised work.



Fig. 3.

THE "ERSKINE" BORDER AND CORNER

Make a bar of three threads across five holes, and over this work thirteen or fourteen tailor's buttonhole stitches (Fig. 1). The first row is worked from right to left, the single thread being held down by the left thumb. Pass the needle under the bar (not through the material), over this single thread; under the point from left to right, pass the double thread from the eye. Draw it up to make a firm knot.

To begin a second row leave the first buttonhole stitch and work the tailor's buttonhole from left to right, taking care not to catch through to the linen (Fig. 2).

Each row will decrease one stitch. It is better at first to count, as the last stitch is apt to be overlooked, resulting in an uneven edge. All the flowers are worked like this on the bag illustrated, their petals being triangular.

The leaves are quite simple, requiring three strands of thread with a row of buttonhole stitches on each side.

For the stalks tack down two strands of thread, and whip them evenly (Fig. 3).

The flowers are on a square of nine holes, each petal worked on five holes, leaving two at each side.

THE "ERSKINE" BORDER AND CORNER

USE Arden's No. 26 lustre crochet cotton and size 6 needle. A hole is 2 chain with a treble into the third chain stitch. Commence the corner piece with 61 chain and 6 chain to turn, 4 of which count as the edge treble; the remaining 2 are for the first hole.

* 1st row.—3 h. 10 tr. 7 h. 10 tr. 4 h. 6 ch.

2nd row.—5 h. 7 tr. 3 h. 4 tr. 3 h. 7 tr. 4 h., then an extension of 6 ch. and 6 ch. to turn.

3rd row.—2 h. on the extension, 2 h. 13 tr. 2 h. 10 tr. 2 h. 4 tr. 2 h. 4 tr. 3 h. 6 ch.

4th row.—2 h. 10 tr. 2 h. 4 tr. 2 h. 4 tr. 2 h. 10 tr. 3 h., then the extension again.

5th row.—2 h. on the extension, 2 h. 10 tr. 3 h. 7 tr. 3 h. 7 tr. 3 h. 4 tr. 2 h. 4 tr. 4 ch.

6th row.—7 tr. 5 h. 10 tr. 1 h. 10 tr. 3 h. 7 tr. 1 h. 4 tr. 3 h., then the extension again.

7th row.—2 h. on the extension, 1 h. 7 tr. 1 h. 7 tr. 15 h. 10 tr. 6 ch.

8th row.—3 h. 10 tr. 1 h. 4 tr. 3 h. 4 tr. 6 h. 10 tr. 2 h. 7 tr. 1 h. 6 ch.

9th row.—1 h. 7 tr. 1 h. 13 tr. 2 h. 7 tr. 3 h. 10 tr. 2 h. 7 tr. 4 h. 6 ch.

10th row.—2 h. 4 tr. 2 h. 4 tr. 2 h. 10 tr. 2 h. 7 tr. 1 h. 4 tr. 2 h. 10 tr. 4 h.

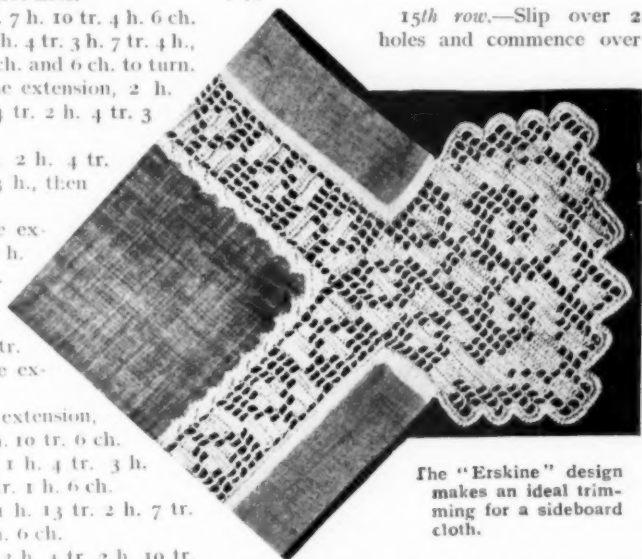
11th row.—Slip over 2 holes and commence over the third with 3 h. 10 tr. 4 h. 4 tr. 2 h. 10 tr. 4 h. 10 tr. 1 h.

12th row.—2 h. 4 tr. 2 h. 4 tr. 1 h. 4 tr. 3 h. 4 tr. 1 h. 7 tr. 2 h. 10 tr. 1 h. 7 tr. 1 h. 6 ch.

13th row.—1 h. 7 tr. 2 h. 16 tr. 8 h. 7 tr. 4 h. 6 ch.

14th row.—3 h. 10 tr. 3 h. 10 tr. 3 h. 10 tr. 6 h.

15th row.—Slip over 2 holes and commence over



The "Erskine" design makes an ideal trimming for a sideboard cloth.

the third with 9 h. 7 tr. 1 h. 7 tr. 4 h. 13 tr. 4 ch.

16th row.—13 tr. 4 h. 4 tr. 3 h. 7 tr. 1 h. 10 tr. 1 h. 7 tr. 1 h. 6 ch.

17th row.—1 h. 7 tr. 2 h. 7 tr. 1 h. 7 tr. 2 h. 4 tr. 5 h. 7 tr. 1 h. 4 tr. 6 ch.

* ABBREVIATIONS: h., hole; tr., treble; ch., chain.

THE QUIVER

18th row.—2 h. 13 tr. 5 h. 10 tr. 1 h. 4 tr. 6 h.

19th row.—Slip over 4 holes and commence over the fifth with 5 h. 10 tr. 1 h. 19 tr. 3 h. 6 ch.

20th row.—4 h. 4 tr. 1 h. 19 tr. 3 h. 7 tr. 1 h. 6 ch.

21st row.—1 h. 7 tr. 4 h. 13 tr. 1 h. 4 tr. 3 h.; this row ends here, turn with 6 ch.

22nd row.—4 h. 4 tr. 1 h. 7 tr. 1 h. 7 tr. 5 h.

23rd row.—Slip over 4 holes and commence over the fifth with 1 h. 7 tr. 4 h. 4 tr. 2 h.; this row ends here. 6 ch.

24th row.—3 h. 7 tr. 5 h.

25th row.—Slip over 4 holes and commence over the fifth with 1 h. 7 tr. 1 h.; end of row. 6 ch.

26th row.—4 h.; break off.

For the insertion, join on at the corner, working down the straight edge as follows:
1st row.—1 h. 10 tr. 4 h. 6 ch. to turn each row.

2nd row.—5 h. 7 tr. 1 h.

3rd row.—1 h. 4 tr. 2 h. 4 tr. 3 h.

4th row.—2 h. 10 tr. 3 h.

5th row.—1 h. 4 tr. 2 h. 4 tr. 3 h.

6th row.—5 h. 7 tr. 1 h.

7th row.—1 h. 10 tr. 4 h.

8th row.—1 h. 10 tr. 4 h.

9th row.—5 h. 7 tr. 1 h.

10th row.—1 h. 4 tr. 2 h. 4 tr. 3 h.

11th row.—2 h. 10 tr. 3 h.

12th row.—1 h. 4 tr. 2 h. 4 tr. 3 h.

13th row.—5 h. 7 tr. 1 h.

14th row.—1 h. 10 tr. 4 h.

15th row.—Repeat from first onwards.

1st row of edge.—A slip-through stitch into each inner corner, 2 short stitches into the hole at each side of the inner corner; 7 short stitches into each hole at the points, and 3 short stitches into each of the others.

2nd row of edge.—A slip-through stitch into each slip-through stitch, miss a short stitch at each side of the slip-through stitch, then make a short stitch into each short stitch.

Make the hem the width of the insertion. Place the finished crochet in position on the linen or muslin; seam together at the edge of the crochet, and cut away the fabric from under the crochet, leaving just sufficient to hem back neatly; the turning at the lower edge can be caught in the wide hem.

Finish with feather stitching in embroidery cotton.

SOME SIMPLE PUDDINGS

By **BLANCHE ST. CLAIR**

ONCE upon a time a pudding used in many families to be considered a something wherewith the remaining chinks left by the previous courses were pleasantly filled, and in polite Victorian parlance it was called by the refined and dignified name of sweet.

Nowadays the pudding has assumed more important functions, and is regarded chiefly as a means of conveying nutriment quite as much, if not more, than the meat or other viands which constituted the first portion of the meal.

It must always be remembered, however, that the kind of nourishment that is required varies with the age and occupation of the consumer, and it is not every housewife, be her intentions ever so good, who succeeds in solving the knotty problem of giving the members of her family just what is best for them. It would be straying beyond my province (and my

statistics might not be correct) if I attempted to explain the reasons why such and such an ingredient is good for some persons and bad for others; but common sense proclaims the fact that stodgy, starchy puddings are for the manual rather than the mental labourer and, in any case, these should only be served when they are intended to form the principal part of the meal.

A Sample of Shocking Catering

As an example of what I mean by "giving the family just what is best for them," the following experience will explain itself.

I recently stayed at a house where the housewife prided herself on her catering, and the evening meals were certainly all that could be desired. But the middle-day schoolroom dinners were shockingly planned. For instance, one day a roly-poly pudding came after a joint of roast beef with its full complement of etceteras—Yorkshire pud-

SOME SIMPLE PUDDINGS

ding, roast potatoes, and the like; whilst on the following day the meal consisted of lentil curry, without either rice or potatoes, and some very sour stewed and uninteresting rhubarb. When I suggested that children could not thrive by being stuffed one day and practically starved the next, my friend was inclined to resent my criticism.

A Dreadfully Difficult Problem

Other mothers with whom I have discussed the pudding problem say that it is so dreadfully difficult to arrange for a different pudding every day, especially now that the cost of living has so much increased. The following suggestions may help others in such predicament and also act as "tips" for economy.

Try always to have seasonable puddings, that is, forgo puddings made with dried fruits and candied peels when fresh fruits are cheap and in season. Remember that when flour is quoted as an ingredient this can be reduced by half by substituting breadcrumbs or stale bread made into a dry pulp with the addition of a very little boiling water. Or, when the recipe says "breadcrumbs," flour can be used, but the result will not be quite so light. By beating the yolk and white of an egg separately, and for twice the usual time, one egg can be used instead of two, the difference in bulk being made up with milk or water.

Steamed Puddings

"Boiled" puddings should always be steamed. It is not necessary to buy a steamer or patent basin in order to send puddings perfectly dry on the upper surface to table. The basin should be covered with the greasy paper (wrapping from butter or margarine) before being tied down with a cloth wrung out in boiling water and sprinkled with flour. It is then stood in a large saucepan containing sufficient water to reach three parts up the basin. Puddings cooked in this way require about twice as long as when the saucepan is full of water.

Milk puddings should be cooked in a double saucepan, not baked in the oven. The difference is quite extraordinary, and rice, tapioca, etc., taste and look as if they had been cooked in cream rather than milk. The process takes longer than oven cooking, but it requires less coal to keep the

double saucepan simmering than to heat the oven.

As a variation from milk puddings, give the children rice or sago cooked in water. In the former case jam, syrup, milk, cream, or custard can be served as an accompaniment. Tapioca or sago are nicest mixed with warmed jam or stewed fruit.

Syrup Layer Pudding

Chop 3 oz. suet finely, and mix it with 6 oz. self-raising flour and a pinch of salt. Mix to a stiff batter with a teacupful of milk. Grease a pie-dish, pour in 2 tablespoonfuls golden syrup, then a layer of batter, and continue alternate layers until the dish is three parts full. The last layer should be of batter, as the syrup easily burns. A couple of spoonfuls of warmed syrup can be poured over the top before the pudding is served. Jam can be used instead of syrup.

Five Minutes' Pudding

This is a splendid recipe for an emergency pudding, for it literally takes but five minutes to cook.

Mix 2 oz. flour with 2 oz. castor sugar and 1 teaspoonful baking powder, then stir in one or two well-beaten eggs. Grease four saucers, pour a quarter of the batter into each, and bake in a hot oven for five minutes. Spread with jam, double, dust with sugar, and serve.

A Delicious Semolina Pudding

Mix 2 oz. of semolina with $\frac{1}{2}$ pt. milk. Put into a saucepan and stir over the fire until it thickens. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. treacle, a squeeze of lemon juice, and bake for half an hour in a greased pie-dish.

Plum and Custard Shape

This is a particularly nice cold sweet, and is by no means expensive, for custard powder gives excellent results.

Take 1 lb. of ripe red plums, remove the stones, and put them into a saucepan with 1 oz. best margarine and just enough water to cover them. When tender pass through a sieve. Add 2 oz. of sugar and the yolks of 2 eggs, and stir over the fire till the yolks thicken. The mixture must not boil. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. leaf gelatine previously dissolved in 2 tablespoonfuls of water. Take a quart mould, rinsed in cold water, and pour in plum purée to the depth of 1 inch. Set in

THE QUIVER

a cold place and keep the rest of the purée lukewarm. Make 1 pt. custard and stir in $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. soaked gelatine and 1 oz. sugar. Pour into the mould in alternate layers with the purée. If the layer process is too tedious all the purée can be poured in first and the custard used to fill the mould. Other fruit can be used instead of the plums, but it must not be of too juicy a character, and it is usually advisable to use a little more gelatine.

A Swedish Summer Pudding

Take $\frac{1}{2}$ pt. each raspberries, currants, and stoned cherries. Put the fruit into a saucepan, sweeten to taste, and stir until boiling. Sprinkle in gradually 3 oz. ground rice, stirring all the time. Cook for twenty minutes, then add 1 oz. crushed almonds and $1\frac{1}{2}$ oz. soaked gelatine. Pour into a china mould and turn out before serving.

A Superior Macaroni Pudding

Line a pie-dish with thin pastry and spread a layer of jam or stewed fruit at the bottom. Fill with macaroni that has been boiled and flavoured. Pour a little custard (powder) over the top and cook in a moderate oven for half an hour. This is a good way of using up scraps of pastry.

Snowballs : Excellent with Stewed Fruit

Dissolve 1 oz. gelatine in 1 pt. milk. Add another pint of milk, 1 teacupful fine sago, and 4 oz. sugar. Boil for twenty minutes, stirring all the time. Put the mixture into little moulds or china cups rinsed out in cold water. Next day turn on to a glass dish and pour stewed fruit round.

When strawberries are plentiful they should be served instead of a cooked pudding. The usual difficulty is that the family looks askance if no cream is forthcoming; but by serving the fruit as suggested below they will not realise either by taste or appearance that this forbidden luxury is absent.

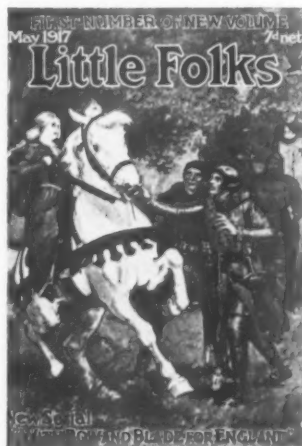
Take 1 lb. fresh ripe strawberries, remove the hulls, and with a silver knife cut each berry into four pieces. Reserve about eight whole berries for decoration. Whip the whites of two fresh eggs to the stiffest possible froth, adding castor sugar to sweeten. Very lightly fold the fruit into the whipped whites, using the silver knife, and being very careful not to render the mixture untidy looking. Turn gently into a glass dish and decorate with the whole berries. Serve with ice wafers or sponge fingers.



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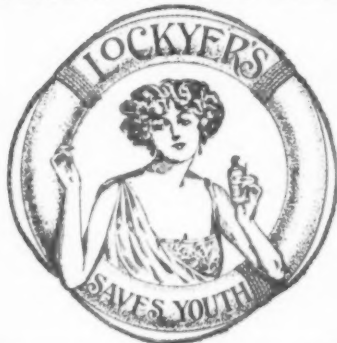
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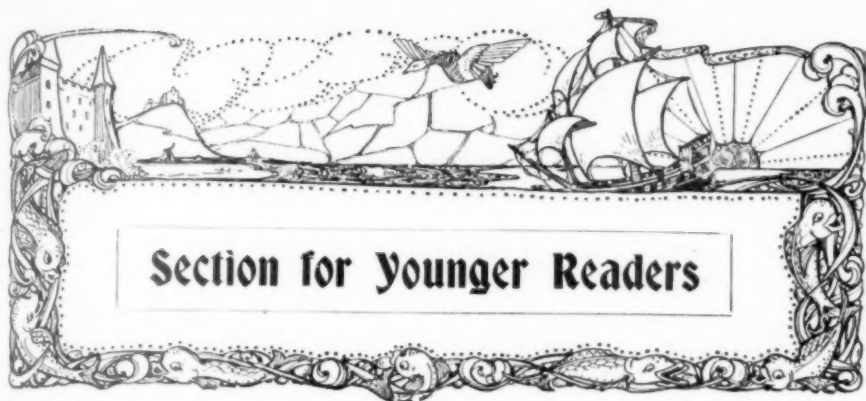
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Section for Younger Readers

ABOUT STORY-WRITING-AND OTHER THINGS

By "DAPHNE"

HOW many of you, I wonder, mean to write stories when you are grown up? When you read a book by a well-known author do you say to yourself: "One day, when I am older, I shall write a story like that. It will be nice to put down all my own thoughts and fancies, to see my name in print, to win fame—and money, too—by my pen. Yes, one day, I am going to be an author."

Once upon a time I used to think that I would write a book—one day. I had always been fond of writing. In my spare time I used to scribble rotten verses about "Night" and "Sunset" and "Stars" and "Life," and many other ambitious things, and the essays I wrote at school were often returned to me marked V.G.—if you go to school you will know what that means. And I quite made up my mind that one day, when I was grown up, I would be a very famous author indeed.

"One Day"

And then at last "one day" really came. I found that I *was* grown up, but—I wasn't even an author at all, much less a famous one!

The discovery was rather a shock to me at first, and when I had got over it a little

I began to realise that if ever I was going to do any good at writing at all, it was quite time that I made a start. It was rather dreadful to think that I had grown so old already and hadn't even written one of all my grand stories, and I sat down at once and began to WORK. "Work" in those days was spelt with capital letters for me!

But if you expect to hear that having once made a beginning all my difficulties were over, that the stories I wrote were accepted by obliging editors the very first time I sent them off, you are very much mistaken. Every one of my precious MSS. came back to me with unfailing regularity, no matter how many times I sent them out. And after three or four months of bitter disappointments I think I should have given up writing altogether if it hadn't been for one thing.

Success in Competitions

The one thing which saved me from absolute despair was a Competition Corner that was started in a monthly magazine I took in. Every month an essay, or a story, or a poem competition was set, and a small money prize was given to the competitor whose entry was adjudged the best. I was successful in winning a prize occasionally,

THE QUIVER

and I nearly always had good reports on my entries, and this little success encouraged me to keep on writing. And after a time I found that writing is like everything else in the world, only practice can ever make you good at it; and when I had practised for a very long time, I began to find that my stories, instead of always coming back to me, sometimes stayed. You can guess how proud and pleased I was when my name first began to be printed in certain papers and magazines as a contributor, and you can guess, too, how very pleasant it was when the post began to bring me cheques in payment for those stories. And I can truthfully say that if it hadn't been for those monthly competitions, in all probability I should never have become a writer.

A Grand Story Competition

Now, your Editor knows a great deal about boys and girls, and he knows how often they want to be authors when they are grown up. He knows, too, that without a great deal of practice and a certain amount of encouragement, it is very unlikely that their dreams will ever be realised. And he has thought of a splendid plan to give you, his younger readers, the help and encouragement you need. He has set aside these pages in *THE QUIVER* especially for you, as he told you last month. Every month there are going to be competitions, and he wants you *all* to enter for them regularly. The practice will be splendid, just what you ought to have if you mean to do any good with your work when you are older. Even if you never win a prize it will still help to develop any talent you may possess, and if you do win one—well, I needn't tell you how pleased and proud and encouraged you will feel then!

Artists and all Other People as Well

"That's all very well for those who want to be writers," I can hear you say, "but how about me? I don't want to write, but I do draw and paint a little; I want to be an artist when I am grown up, not an author. How are your story competitions going to help me?"

Well, our competitions won't always be for would-be authors. Sometimes we shall have drawing and painting competitions; sometimes we shall have photography competitions for people who have cameras, and who may be hoping to make their hobby

pay for itself one day. Perhaps, if we get a very large number of competitors, we may be able to have two or three different competitions every month. But this month, to make a beginning, we are going to have a School Story Competition, and the prize for the best story will be Three Guineas—with some book prizes for the second-bests.

Rules for Competitors

The Editor told you a good deal about this competition last month, so I expect some of you have already written your stories. Those of you who haven't written them yet must be quick and get them finished before the closing date, for we want to have a big entry to begin with. Here are the rules for the competition:

1. Stories, which must be school stories, must not exceed 2,000 words in length.
2. One side of the paper only must be written on. Writing must be as careful and distinct as possible. All loose pages must be pinned together.
3. The competitor's name, age and address must be clearly written at the beginning of the first page of each entry. Age will be taken into consideration.
4. No stories can be returned unless accompanied by fully stamped and directed envelopes, large enough to contain the MSS. unfolded.
5. All entries must be received at this office by May 19th, 1917, and must be addressed: "Story Competition, *THE QUIVER*, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C. 4."
6. The decision of the Editor will be final.

These are the few simple rules we want you to keep. Read them through carefully, then write your story, and having made sure that you have complied with all the conditions, put it into an envelope and send it off addressed as directed.

Three Hints on Story-writing

Now I am going to give you three hints about story-writing. First of all, of course, you have got to get a plot. Don't let it be too complicated a one, for you are only a beginner, and you will find that the simpler your plot is the more easily you will be able to manage it. Next, try and make it as

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The National Children's Home stands as foster parent to 2,500 little ones, with others clamouring at its doors. It has been charged with this sacred and joyous responsibility, but a charge without the wherewithal to execute it is a reprehensible futility.

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ABOUT STORY-WRITING—AND OTHER THINGS

original as possible. Simplicity and originality can go quite well together, you know, and in nine cases out of ten in competitions of this sort the most original entry wins the prize. And lastly, let the setting of your story be a setting that you know. That is, if you are a boy, don't try to write a girls' school story; and if you are a girl, write about the school life you know, not the life of a boys' school which you don't.

Criticism

As mentioned by the Editor last month, we shall be glad to send readers a detailed criticism of their stories if they wish it. In this case a postal order for 1s. must be enclosed, in addition to a stamped addressed envelope.

I think that is enough about the Story Competition for the present. Just set to work, all of you, and see what you can do.

A Photography Competition

For those who are not so interested in stories I am going to set a photography competition. Now that the spring is here those of you who possess cameras will be getting them out and seeing that they are in order. The subject I am choosing for this competition is "Springtime." Anything that suggests "spring"—a primrose dell, the budding leaves, or even "spring-cleaning"—will be eligible. The prize will be 10s. 6d., and the closing date May 30th. Please note that this competition is not open to professional photographers, and that the age of the competitor must be given on the back of the print.

For those of you who draw and paint I shall have something special to say next month.

How we can Help Each Other

There are lots of things I want to talk to you about besides competitions—gardening, stamp-collecting, scouting, cooking, keeping museums, and dozens of other things. Of course, we shan't have room to speak of them all every month, and as we want these pages to be yours in every sense of the word, I want you to write and tell me all about yourselves and your hobbies, so that I may know what things interest you most, and then we can talk about those things first. And if there is anything with which you want any help, I hope you will write and tell me. If I am not able to help you

myself, I may be able to ask for help for you through these pages, and amongst us all we ought to be able to solve any problem, no matter how difficult it may be.

Perhaps your particular difficulty may be gardening. Perhaps you are trying to grow a "War-time Garden"—and the lettuces you have planted, hoping to solve the food problem for your family, refuse to grow up, and you want to know what is the matter? Well, write and tell us about it. I expect we shall be able to help you. Or, perhaps, somebody has given you a recipe for making an economical cake, and for some reason or other it won't rise properly in the oven. Write to us about it and we'll see what we can do. Of course, it may be the fault of your particular oven, and I can't promise to remedy that, but even in that case we may be able to give you a recipe for another cake that can be cooked on a griddle. Or, perhaps, you are lonely and haven't many playmates or companions? Well, write and tell me, and maybe I can find you a correspondent who is as lonely as you are and who would welcome you as a pen-friend. I am sure there are heaps of ways in which we can be useful to one another, and if only you will write and tell me all about yourselves, we shall soon find out what they are. So when you have finished that school story, please take up your pen again and write a letter to me!

Books and Reading

One of the ways in which I think I shall be able to help you is over your reading. Nearly everybody is fond of reading nowadays, but it is sometimes very difficult to know what books to read. If you get your books from a library you have only the titles to choose from, and anybody who has had to choose their books from titles knows how disappointing that method is apt to be. Much the best way of choosing books is by having them personally recommended to you, and I hope every month to be able to tell you of some nice books to read. And those of you who have read nice books might write and tell me about them so that I can hand on the information to somebody else. Will you do this? I shall be very much obliged to anybody who will send me a list of their favourite books with a short description of each, so that I can tell a little what kind of a book I am recommending.

THE QUIVER

Those of you who like girls' school stories will, I am sure, like a splendid school story by Angela Brazil which was published last autumn, "The Luckiest Girl in the School." Another very nice book by this author is "The Youngest Girl in the Fifth." Dorothea Moore, who writes such charming historical stories, also writes school tales, and those of you who have never read "Septima Schoolgirl" have a treat to come. Then if you want a war book, you should get Ian Hay's "The First Hundred Thousand," which you won't be able to help enjoying; and if you are a boy and want a good boys' story, "Doing His Bit," a story of the present War, by Tom Bevan, is just the thing for you.

Who will be the First to Write?

These are only just a few titles that occur to me. If you want to know more, write to me and I will send you a further list. And

please ask me about anything you want to know, especially if there is any particular subject you would like me to talk about in these pages. If your letter wants an immediate answer, enclose a stamped envelope. If the answer is not wanted immediately I will answer you through these pages. Only remember we have to go to press so early that it will be two or three months before you see your answer in *THE QUIVER*. So don't think I have overlooked you if your reply doesn't appear quite as quickly as you might expect. Now, I wonder which of you will be the first to write to me?

Good-bye for the present. Don't forget May 10th is the closing date for the Story Competition, and remember also the Photography Competition next month.

Yours sincerely,

DAPHNE.

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*The Corner,
May, 1917*

MY DEAR CHUMS,—I sit cosily in my Corner by the fire—for it is still very cold—with a big pile of your letters at my feet. From them I find that many of you are asking yourselves that question which millions of men and women are asking with a meaning that they never put into it before: "How can I help England?" "Here and there England has helped me—how can I help England?" is a sort of general confession in which we may well all join. You and I have talked much of future days of citizenship, of the high principles and high actions that we intend to hold and to do. The great world needs and is going to

need every single thought and act of love and beauty and strength of which every young British citizen is capable. If you were here with me there are points upon which we could chat together more freely than we can do upon paper. We should feel the comradeship of our ideals, and I know you would give me lots of inspiration and help, and I should feel a fresh pride in being regarded as "friend" by so many brave-hearted boys and girls.

Tackling Problems

And, doubtless, from the talk over our dreams and ideals, and future, we should turn to the very practical matter of the present that some of you touch on in your



PRUNE PUDDING.

1 lb. prunes (cooked and stoned).
 3 ozs. flour; Nutmeg to taste.
 3 ozs. sugar; 1 pint milk
 (brown); (scant measure).
 Pinch of salt. 3 ozs. suet.
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THE LEAGUE OF YOUNG BRITISH CITIZENS

letters. Probably we should be telling of our pet economies, of what special "national service" we are concerned with; and how we managed to help the War Loan, or of how many War Savings Certificates we had taken, of how we managed in our particular home in regard to "rations." As we cannot meet and have our chat it would be interesting to hear how many of you are tackling such problems as these suggest. It is good to exchange thoughts and suggestions on matters of this kind, and I shall look forward to big numbers of letters giving me yours. As an economy to begin with, let me say you may all write on both sides of the paper while the need for this particular care lasts. Let me hear as soon as you have time to write.

The Food Rations

As it happens, the first letter I lift from the pile, one from a busy and helpful senior member, has this sentence in it:

"The food question seems to be getting very serious. Most people here find it impossible to keep within their bread allowance."

That suggests a very big problem, does it not? We have become so accustomed to plenty of bread on our tables; just as we never expect the supply of fresh air and (most of all) water to be stopped, so for the majority of us fear of "not enough bread to eat" never entered our minds. You older members will all have become more or less experts now in calculating how many "calories" per day you require, and have planned out your daily food rations to fit suitably. You dear smaller people will be all busy saving mother every bit of trouble that is possible, because you will understand that housekeeping is very difficult work just at present, and she needs that you won't mind one bit if she asks you to give up some favourite food and have something which you really always thought you could not eat! (Margarine, for instance, instead of that delicious butter, or "dirty-looking" brown sugar in place of sparkling lumps!) Just "tiny wee things that don't seem any help," you whisper. But truly, dear chickabiddies, they are "great big" helps. I'm a housekeeper, so I know! Remember what happens when you have "tug-o'-

war" in gym., or at play. If your side is to win, then each boy and girl in your team must pull, and pull exactly at the right moment—"one, two, three, all together." And it is just like that now with our nation. We have hard days to get through, but if every single one of us pulls, and pulls right at the proper time—which, in this particular matter, is now—we shall win through.

Economy Requires Thought

One has to remember that true economy requires thought. It's no good eating too little, for example: then you become unfit for school or other work; perhaps get ill—that gives anxiety to others, and maybe a doctor has to come to help to mend you, and doctor's time and skill are needed much elsewhere.

Then, of course, there's the garden—either your own or the new allotment, or the school garden. Your wish "to help" will find fine chances there. I am so glad always when I get such a letter as the following extract is from. It is written by a girl Companion in England:

"We are getting busier every day now. The bitter weather of last month hindered the tilling and sowing terribly. My brother was taken off the farm in January, and as father is not at all strong, and Ronald was his right hand, you can imagine how we miss him. However, we are all going to do our best to keep 'the home fires burning,' and as father said to the only two men we have left on the farm (who are, needless to say, over military age), 'we must just do the absolutely necessary things, and the rest must go!' I feel so thankful that I have left school [Plucky Sixteen!] and am able to do a few jobs on the farm. My latest job is calf-feeding. The five little ones which I have in my charge are dears! I feed them and bed them night and morning, and they are getting quite used to me now."

Letters from Soldier Readers

Among the letters before me are several from soldier friends, and these you would like to see, though they cannot be printed here in full. One of our old members writes:

"Many thanks for your kind and very welcome letter. I received it safely a few days ago. You will think me unkind in not writing to you before this, but out here in France we get very little time for letter writing. I have been out here about twelve months, and have been very lucky too, as I have got with some very nice companions. I think by the reading of your letter that we (our League) are doing very well."

Another message comes from a young subaltern ("an old man of 23" he calls himself). It was written from "a stuffy little hole within 500 yards of the Boche," where

THE QUIVER

he had been reading our January QUIVER. Yet another is from a boy sapper who has come over from Canada to help the Motherland, and who thinks the comradeship of our League will help him—as we hope it will. 'I am very proud of my certificate,' he writes, "and am getting it framed for sending home."

And next come a "bunch of letters" from members abroad. I fear I miss very many of their letters in these days of lost mails.

Our loyal friend **ESSIE DALEY** (Australia) writes:

"It is getting such a drawback having to wait for THE QUIVER an extra long time. Here it is January, 1917, and I have only just got the November number. But never mind, we are glad to hear from England at all."

Essie sends a gift for our Fund, upon whose work she comments, and then she gives a peep into her holiday days among the Blue Mountains—very refreshing to those who want the hills and cannot for the present get to them!

"The rain," she writes, "of which we have had so much, has made everything so green, though it has kept the fruit back, and brought the Irish Blight to the potatoes. The ferns and tree ferns are simply gorgeous. Some of the tree ferns are 10-15 feet high. All the rocks have little streams trickling down, and the daintiest of little ferns peeping out of the crevices. I think the finest of baby ferns are the Ladies' Finger, Hart's Tongue and Coral ferns. But there is no competing the beautiful red and tinted leaves of a nearly full grown Hart's Tongue; it just reminds one of the autumn colours of the Virginia Creeper."

From Overseas Readers

KATHLEEN COLLYER (Canada) is another Companion from whom it was good to hear. She and **DOROTHY** sent a gift for our Fund. They were "very pleased" with their new certificates. The money sent was made by "helping at the packing house." They liked the photographs of Lena and Philip.

A letter from **AILLIE WELSH** was part of the mail from Australia. She, too, had been out on the Blue Mountains, staying at her uncle's station—a farm of "5,050 acres of land." "Nine miles of a river flows through this property," Aillie says.

"It is very pretty indeed, and always cool down there under the shade of the trees, though there are plenty of snakes on the bank in the long grass. There are only a couple of places where we can bathe, most of the holes being too deep. From where I am sitting I can look across the flats in the mountains. There has been a lot of rain lately, and the grass is beautifully long and green. About a mile from the

house is a big apple orchard of 35 acres. The apples are not yet ripe, but they are lovely when they are."

The Home Letters

Coming back to Home letters again, I must note one from **EDITH PENN**, with her gift. "I shall try to get the books you mention," she says. She is a busy "war worker," and now most of her reading is "done on a Sunday afternoon."

A Companion of long time writes:

"I left school last summer, and felt I would rather do something, now that everybody is playing some part or other. There are very few openings for girl war workers here, but I am perfectly happy in my work—in fact I enjoy it in all its phases. Being just a junior clerk, I am only learning the different branches [railway goods offices they are, where this Companion is], and have no responsible work of my own yet. I am enclosing a small subscription for the Fund. It is the first I have sent you from my 'own money' (magic words!), and I hope to be able to send more next time. Please accept it with my love. Office hours don't leave one much spare time, do they? I am afraid I have very little news to tell you. I have been making the most of my Saturday afternoons by going for long walks up the mountain or along the cliffs. The frosty weather we have been having has been ideal for walking. Mother sends her love, and so does yours affectionately —"

MARGARET MUIR is another Scottish member whom I must ask you to welcome. Her home is in Fifehire, and she is 16 years old.

A joint gift for the Violet Fund of 8s. 6d. is from **KATE** and **ETHEL EDWARDS**, with some woolies for the clinic babies. The long letter from Kate was a pleasure also. Both these members—whose home is in a military neighbourhood—were very busy with war work, and with their favourite primary work.

Other gifts and special letters I am acknowledging privately. I am always delighted to have as big a supply of letters as you can send; but the paper restrictions make it impossible to quote from them as we used to do.

About the Parrot

I must just tell the chuckabiddies about **JUDY GRAVES'** parrot:

"She knows about two hundred speeches, and is very quick at learning new ones. Polly is only about sixteen, yet she has done quite a lot of travelling. First she came from Africa to London. The cleverest thing she can do is to say 'Wee, wee, wee,' if you say 'The little pig cried—'. She also says 'built' to 'This is the house that Jack—'."

Your affectionate
Companion,

Phoon.

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MAKE A HAPPY FAMILY



MOTHER knows a 4½d. Box will make 10 Nutritious Puddings without the aid of Eggs.

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FATHER knows it prevents Kidney Trouble.

The BOYS know it is ever so much nicer than rice.

And they ALL know it makes the very Best Barley Water obtainable.

Brown's Barley KERNELS not only make delicious Creamy Puddings without the aid of Eggs, but also make the Purest Barley Water. Simply pour boiling water on Brown's Barley KERNELS, stand and allow to cool. Nothing better, Nothing easier.

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in a glass of cold water will clear your head and tone your nerves.

This world-famous natural aperient for over 40 years has been the standard remedy for constipation, biliousness, impure blood and indigestion.

It is pleasant and convenient to take, gentle in action, positive in results. The safest and most dependable digestive regulator.

It is not from what a man swallows, but from what he digests, that the blood is made, and remember that the first act of digestion is, chewing the food thoroughly, and that it is only through doing so that you can reasonably expect a good digestion.

Unsuitable food and eating between meals are a main cause of indigestion, &c., because introducing a fresh mass of food into the mass already partly dissolved arrests the healthy action of the stomach, and causes the food first received to lie until incipient fermentation takes place.

A Judicious Rule.—"1st, Restrain your appetite, and get always up from table with a desire to eat more. 2nd, Do not touch anything that does not agree with your stomach, be it most agreeable to the palate." These rules have been adopted in principle by all dieticians of eminence, and we recommend their use.

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to H.M. The King.